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LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series,
Volume LVIII. }

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{ From Beginning,
Vol. CLXXIII.

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MY CHAFFINCH.

His hours he spends upon a fragrant fir;
 His merry "chink," his happy "Kiss me,
 dear,"
 Each moment sounded keeps the copse astir.
 Loudly he challenges his rivals near,
 Anon aslant down to the ground he springs
 Like to a sunbeam made of colored wings.

The firm and solid azure of the ciel
 That struck by hand would give a hollow
 sound;
 A dome turned perfect by the sun's great
 wheel,
 Whose edges rest upon the hills around,
 Rings many a mile with blue enamelled wall;
 His fir-tree is the centre of it all.

A lichen cup he set against the side,
 High up this mast, earth-stepped, that could
 not fail,
 But swung a little as a ship might ride,
 Keeping an easy balance in the gale;
 Slow-heaving like a gladiator's breast
 Whose strength in combat feels an idle rest.

Whether the cuckoo or the chaffinch most
 Do triumph in the issuing of their song?
 I say not this, but many a swelling boast
 They throw each at the other all day long.
 Soon as the nest had cradled eggs a-twin
 The jolly squirrel climbed to look therein.

Adown the lane athwart this pleasant wood
 The broad-winged butterflies their solace
 sought,
 A green-necked pheasant in the sunlight stood
 Nor could the rushes hide him as he thought,
 A humble-bee through fern and thistle made
 A search for lowly flowers in the shade.

A thing of many wanderings, and loss,
 Like to Ulysses on his poplar raft,
 His treasure hid beneath the tunnelled moss
 Lest that a thief his labor steal with craft,
 Up the round hill, sheep-dotted, was his way
 Zigzagging where some new adventure lay.

"My life and soul," as if he were a Greek.
 His heart was Grecian in his greenwood
 fane;
 "My life and soul," through all the sunny
 week
 The chaffinch sang with beating heart amain.
 "The humble-bee the wide wood-world may
 roam;
 One feather's breadth I shall not stir from
 home."

No note he took of what the swallows said
 About the firing of some evil gun,
 Nor if the butterflies were blue or red,
 For all his feelings were intent in one.
 The loving soul a-thrill in all his nerves
 A life immortal as a man's deserves.

Pall Mall Gazette. RICHARD JEFFERIES.

AT SUNSET.

I LOVE, when autumn days are done
 And all the winds at rest,
 To sit and watch the happy sun
 Go out into the west;
 To let my idle fancy stray
 Across the waters' golden way;

To follow, follow, follow on
 Until the gleaming land
 Has sunk beneath the waves and gone
 Like castles on the sand;
 To follow till I gain at last
 The charmed country of the past.

There in the glamor of romance,
 By forest, plain, and hill,
 With crested helm and glittering lance
 The knights are riding still,
 And many a hoary castle wall
 Echoes at eve their bugle-call.

There cruise the bearded buccaneers
 Who swept the Spanish main;
 There gather to the feast of spears
 The ravens of the Dane,
 And to the shining summer skies
 The old sea-rovers' war-songs rise.

And there are low soft melodies
 About the shadowy shore,
 Where the stars tremble on the seas
 Beneath the silent oar;
 Music of lutes and serenade,
 Sweet songs by happy lovers made.

There, clash of steel on steel, and shout
 Of battle wildly ring;
 Granada's Moors are riding out
 To meet the Christian king,
 And all the chivalry of Spain
 Is fighting for the cross again.

There by the glancing river's side,
 Out through the morning mists,
 Gay lords and ladies laughing ride
 With hawks upon their wrists;
 The soft winds bear across the fells
 The music of their silver bells.

There, stretched the drowsy pines among,
 The Lotos-eaters be;
 There still the sirens' fatal song
 Is sweet upon the sea,
 And through the woodland and the stream,
 The nymphs and naiads glide and gleam.

The golden glow falls pale and dim
 Far in the western sky,
 Where on the water's utmost rim
 The ships go sailing by.
 That fair world fades away once more
 And leaves me lonely by the shore.
 Longman's Magazine. D. J. ROBERTSON.

From The Fortnightly Review.
THE PRESENT POSITION OF EUROPEAN POLITICS.

PART IV.

AUSTRO-HUNGARY.

THE date of the appearance of this article is synchronous with the expiration of that compromise between Austria and Hungary as to customs duties, which lies at the root of the financial position of the dual monarchy. The resignation of the Hungarian finance minister and the creation of fresh arrangements between the Cis-Leithan empire and the Trans-Leithan kingdom upon the basis proposed by the Hungarian prime minister form not only a victory of M. Tisza over Count Szapáry, but a gain of power to the former, which makes him master for the time being in the empire. He holds, or virtually holds, for the moment as many great ministerial offices as the Duke of Wellington held at the time when *Punch* represented a meeting of the Cabinet at which all the ministers had the well-known nose. The Hungarian Cabinet appears to the world to consist of M. Tisza only, who when he came to power some twelve or thirteen years ago was expected immediately to fall, but who seems only to have become more powerful day by day. Both halves of the empire have now adopted the measures of defence which the Austro-Hungarian government considered necessary. The fortifications of Cracow, upon which vast numbers of civilian workmen were employed in February and March, are now complete. The Landwehr and the Honveds have been armed, and coats have been purchased for the Landsturm. The war preparations which have been made are such as ought to have been made some years ago, such as it was most dangerous to have been without, and the absence of which in the past has been caused solely by the difficulties of the financial situation. Even under the terror inspired by the recent concentration of Russian cavalry upon the frontier of Galicia—a concentration officially denied in Austria, but well known to the Austrian government to exist—the votes granted have been less in proportion than the votes secured by the Roumanian govern-

ment from the Chamber of Deputies in that country. Yet no one can suppose that the danger which menaces Austria is less than that which overshadows Roumania, for the Polish Jews, who according to Prince Bismarck were created by Heaven for the express and sole purpose of serving as spies on Russia, have done their work too accurately.

If we wish to obtain an authoritative view of the situation in Austro-Hungary, it is not so easy, as it is in the case of some other countries, to know whom to consult or where to turn. Strong as may be the Austrian and Hungarian statesmen who are in power; strong in the possession of Parliamentary popularity and Parliamentary majorities as may be the Hungarian president of council; the Austrian president of council, Count Taaffe; the common minister of finance, M. Kállay; or the common minister for foreign affairs, Count Kálnoky,—they are all of them compelled by the difficulties of the situation of the dual monarchy to use temporizing language, and to avoid anything like frankness of speech or expression of real intention. On the other hand, although Buda-Pest has at least one very powerful journal in the *Pester Lloyd*, and although Vienna is of all the capitals of Europe essentially the newspaper capital, yet there is a very marked difference of tone between the newspapers of the Austrian and those of the Hungarian capital. In the absence of guidance it is by no means certain to which we ought to look as indicating the probable lines of the future policy of the empire as a whole. The *Fremdenblatt*, *Neue Freie Presse*, and many others that could be named of almost equal power, have, like the *Pester Lloyd*, an European fame; but then, unfortunately, the great Hungarian journal and those well-known Vienna sheets contradict one another, not so much in words as in the general tone of their writing. Looking to the fact that some of the journals which write above all of the necessity to Austria of peace, and some of those which call at times for instant war with Russia, should she place a single soldier in Bulgaria, are equally supposed to enjoy official inspiration, it is useless to try to

gather the policy of the Austrian Empire from the journals of the two capitals. One paper, indeed, there is in Vienna, the *Politische-Correspondenz* — if I may be permitted to speak of that most secret-revealing of all European sheets as a newspaper, as it is in fact in the highest possible degree, though hardly perhaps, in form — which tells us much, and is always well worth reading, but tells us more of facts than of tendencies.

The difficulty is very largely explained when we remember that Austria and Hungary do not in reality agree, and that neither of them very clearly sees her way. Hungary, partly from old traditions, partly from the memories of '48-9, partly from her exposed situation in the middle of an enormous mass of Slavs, is bitterly anti-Russian, and therefore warlike. Austria is anti-Russian too, but with a distinct peace note, and with a certain desire to patch up matters of dispute, and to make ties of friendship, if they will not last forever, at all events last some time. There is always a doubt which of the two policies is to prevail. Parliamentary control grows stronger in the dual monarchy year by year; yet this does but increase its difficulties. The Magyars are a military people, and proud of their king and of his army. The Croats of the Banat share these views, but detest their Magyar exponents, and the Diet of Agram is a thorn in the side of Hungary. The Tsechs of Bohemia and the Poles of Galicia also support the army and the Austrian emperor, although with a desire to see the emperor crowned king of the kingdoms of Bohemia and Galicia respectively, and a tripartite or a quadrilateral form given to the dual monarchy. But these feelings of loyalty to the sovereign and of glory in the army which have hitherto held Austro-Hungary together, are greatly weakened by constitutional control; for even as matters stand ministers are pulled both ways by combinations of minorities, forming what we may call scratch majorities without a common guiding principle. They are driven to attempt to meet their difficulties, like the federalist prime minister of Austria, Count Taaffe, whose Irish extraction is perhaps too remote to ac-

count for his home-rule views, by further concessions to nationalities and further divisions of Parliaments, and in any case the increase of Parliamentary activity and power will tend to increase the existing divisions between Hungary and Austria. Count Kálmoky's concessions in the Hungarian Delegation, which have increased the constitutional element in the practical working of the Hungarian Constitution, are not, therefore, viewed with unmixed satisfaction even by the Constitutionalists of Austria.

The necessities of the situation which lie upon the surface are those which have been indicated in the first and third articles of the present series.* Austro-Hungary needs quiet; first and above all because of the state of her finances, and in the next place because, as has been seen in the last article, she is not in a military sense equal to the strain of war with Russia. But unfortunately for her she is in a domestic situation which further enforces the necessity of peace. The mixture in the Austrian Empire of the Slav and German races, and in the Hungarian kingdom of the Slavs, the Magyars, and the Roumans; the strong Catholicism of a great part of old Austria and Croatia and Bohemia; the strong Protestantism of a large section of the Magyars, — all these are securities against downright rapacity on the part of the two most powerful neighbors of Austro-Hungary. But on the other hand they enormously increase the difficulties of government. Germany cannot wish to tear from Austria the archduchy of Austria or the duchy of Styria, or Carinthia, or Salzburg, or North Tyrol, where there are altogether between four and five millions of Germans, on account of the violent Slav feeling in the margraviate of Moravia and in the kingdom of Bohemia, which separate German Austria from Germany. Prince Bismarck perfectly knows that the Slavism of the Tsechs would become Russianism if they were annexed to Germany, and he can hardly desire to increase his religious difficulties by annexing Catholics so strong as the Catholics

* "The Present Position of European Politics. Part I.: Germany," *LIVING AGE*, No. 2225. Part III.: "Russia," *LIVING AGE*, No. 2233.

of German Austria and of the intervening strip, or his other difficulties by annexing the Socialists of the suburbs of Vienna. Russia, too, which might easily swallow the Ruthenians of eastern Galicia and of part of Bukowina, and possibly, although with more difficulty, the Catholic Polish Slavs and the Jews of western Galicia, certainly could not digest the Magyars of the Hungarian plain, nor even the Roumans and the Saxons of the principality of Transylvania. Just as Germany cannot step across Bohemia and Moravia and a corner of Silesia, where there are seven millions of Slavs, to get to central Austria, so the Russians cannot swallow up the Magyars and the Roumans to get to the Croats of the Banat and the Slovenes of the kingdom of Dalmatia. When nationalities are considered from the annexing point of view, that excellent Berlin professor, unrivalled for his combination of map-making and ethnography — Dr. Kiepert — becomes a sort of savior of the Austro-Hungarian empire. But there is the reverse of the medal, and that mixture of races and religions, which in one sense secures the continued existence of a something which shall be called Austria, makes that Austria full of discordant elements, which have different sets of powerful friends outside her territory, to whom they turn for advice and with whom they continually intrigue. The result is that Austro-Hungary is, of all the countries in the world, by far the most difficult to govern, and that as a necessity of her condition she must before all things long for peace. The German and Italian alliance was for Austria not a matter of choice but of absolute necessity, and however little direct advantage she may appear to gain from it, it may be confidently asserted that that alliance will continue. The more doubtful point is, given the fact that Germany, menaced on the one flank by Russia and on the other by France, is now only strong enough to hold her own, how far Austria will go in the direction of concession to Russia rather than draw the sword.

A few months ago some sanguine and belligerent Englishmen were disposed to think that the prospect of an English alli-

ance, even standing by itself, was likely to put an end to the hesitation and the doubts of Austria. Now, an Italian alliance may be of great value to Austria, as I shall attempt to show in the next article of this series. An English alliance, for those military reasons which I shall have to discuss in my concluding article, that on England, and which are perfectly known to Austrian statesmen, would, I fear, be regarded by them as of less instant value than an alliance with Roumania. The power of England at sea is absolutely useless in an Austrian alliance to save Austria from the immediate consequences of war. The power of England upon land, during the two months which probably would be sufficient for the Russian advance, may be looked upon as non-existent; whereas the Roumanians can place 150,000 men in line, who are admirably officered and trained, and have the solidity of German troops.

The view which I have taken of the military power of Russia is looked upon as exaggerated. The subject is worth inquiry, as the chances are that we shall find ourselves at war with Russia one of these days; and the comparison of Austrian and Russian military forces is also of much interest, inasmuch as war between these two great powers is not likely to be long avoided. It is also personally important to ourselves, inasmuch as, if we have to look forward to the possibility of having to fight Russia, it would obviously be better to fight her with allies, that is with Austria, than to fight her alone. I fear that time will show that those who believe that Austria can hold her own against Russia are as wrong as are, I believe, those who hold, upon the other hand, that Russia is invulnerable by Great Britain in a single-handed war. Various military writers compute the real military power of the various countries of Europe in very different ways; and it is not easy to arrive at a common standard. When, for example, we discuss the military power of Italy we have to some extent to deal with the unknown. Italy pretends to have a number of "instructed men" far more than double that of Austria, and exceeding by 100,000 the number possessed by

Germany; but this may be looked upon as a statistical romance; and we are obliged to consider in detail the speeches of General Ricotti, who is at least a competent authority upon military figures, and who well knows the real strength of that army which many years ago he himself did much to create. He talks about the possibility of mobilizing twelve corps, and of putting in all 500,000 men under arms, which is a very different thing from 2,862,000. But in the case of Italy also there is another difficulty, which is that the fighting power of the Italian army is in dispute. I myself believe in the gallantry of her soldiers, which has indeed been proved in their recent conflict with the Abyssinians; but there is more doubt about their heads. The Italian officers are said by some high military authorities to be wanting in steadiness, and to be the sort of men who when beaten will always take their beating bravely, but who are not likely to win their battles. This remains to be seen. On the other hand, in dealing with Russia, Germany, and Austria, if I count the quality of the troops as equal on all three sides, I shall be giving a little weight in the scale against my own opinion. No skilled military observer ventures now to assert that the army of the dual monarchy is superior to that of Russia, man for man. Some think that Russia is very short of officers, but they remember Inkermann too well, and neglect too much what has been accomplished by Russia since 1878. The Austrians do not now possess the advantage of having great generals who command the confidence of officers and men. If we put aside quality, which in this case may not unfairly be taken as being pretty equal, there are tests of strength which are of value. We know the expenditure upon the armies, and are certain, for example, that Austro-Hungary spends a little more than Italy, and rather less than two-thirds of what is spent by Germany, upon the army. We know that she possesses a "budget-peace-effective" rather greater than that of Italy, and rather less than two-thirds of that of Germany — that is in the same proportion as the expenditure. Austro-Hungary has rather more field guns than Italy, and rather less than two-thirds of the field guns of Germany, which is again in the same proportion. These tests are pretty sound ones so far as they go, and by all these tests Russia seems equal in military strength to Austria and Germany combined. As regards expenditure I cannot prove my case. Austria and Germany together spend

rather over thirty millions sterling upon their armies. Russia, at the present rate of the rouble, appears to spend less upon her land forces; but as I pointed out in the Russian article, the charge of the war ministry in Russia is very far from including the total army expenditure. If we look to the "budget-peace-effectives," excluding constabulary and customs guards, but adding one-year volunteers, Russia has 850,000, or, as I think, 890,000, against 749,000 for Germany and Austria; and while Russia in field guns is slightly inferior to Germany and Austria together, she is very superior to them in cavalry. I must maintain, therefore, the accuracy of my statement previously made and hotly contested, that Russia is as strong as Germany and Austria, and between two and three times as strong as Austria alone. No doubt her troops are scattered over an enormous territory, but it is chiefly a territory that needs no guarding, and she could put half her force in Austria and yet have plenty of men to garrison Poland and the Caucasus.

The Austrians, in spite of the rapidity with which they have been spending money during the last few months, have not yet taken all those precautions which they should have taken considering that they share a very long common frontier, which is purely arbitrary, with a tremendous military power. Cracow and Przemyśl are not even now fortresses by which an army of inferior strength would be enabled to defend Galicia against a stronger power. As a great foreign military writer, Marga, has consolingly observed of Austro-Hungary, in that which is the first of all the military works of the day, "After several defeats she can retire into the wooded Carpathians;" but, he adds, "the road to Vienna is thus uncovered." Neither can Germany be trusted to defend Vienna by menacing the long line of the Russian advance, because when Germany ceases to be neutral the neutrality of France in turn will cease, and Germany will have enough to do to defend the Rhine. Italy, and Italy alone, can protect Vienna, supposing that the Roumanians confine themselves to defending their own neutrality, and Italy will have to be paid for doing it. Paid, too, in coin more valuable than a mere promise of help against the pope and the pope's friends, in whose desire to regain the temporal power the Italians now no longer believe. It is almost incredible that Austria, whatever her financial difficulties, should not have fortified herself in Galicia, with its

seven hundred and twenty miles of winding, artificial frontier towards Russia; unless indeed she had made up her mind that she must lose eastern or Ruthenian Galicia whenever she goes to war, and that the northern Carpathians form the true frontier of her eastern provinces.

So far from having underrated the military strength of Austro-Hungary, I myself have been inclined to think that I have not set it low enough. There may be elements in the Austro-Hungarian ranks which may not fight heartily against Russia, as for example the Red Russians and Little Russians of northern Bukowina and eastern Galicia. There can be no doubt as to the unpopularity of both Austrians and Hungarians in Croatia and the Dalmatian kingdom. Some observers think that the Croats, who are among the best of the Austro-Hungarian troops, would not, although Roman Catholic in religion, fight for Hungary against Russia unless a real federalism were promised them, and unless the king of Hungary were crowned at Agram. The Bohemian newspapers were some of them alarmingly pro-Russian not very long ago; but I believe the Tsechs may be counted on to fight for Austria, although, or perhaps because, Bohemia is an Ireland under limited home rule (and with a German Ulster). Count Taaffe has given extended suffrage, increased power to the clergy, the official use of the Tsech tongue, a Tsech university, and a territorial army, and the Tsechs yet ask for more. One of the best executed of foreign works on European armies, that of Colonel Rau, points out that Austro-Hungary and England are, as compared with Russia or Germany, suffering from paralysis in military matters caused by a divided rule: England through the division of responsibility between the secretary of state and the general commanding-in-chief, and the dual monarchy (in a less degree, because it is a division which does not extend, as Colonel Rau shows, to the affairs of the "active army") by the division of the control of the Landwehr and the Honved militia between Austria and Hungary. There is a joint war minister, but there are also separate Austrian and Hungarian ministers of defence.

The emperor of Austria, who has given a great deal of time and patient labor to the reorganization of the Austro-Hungarian army is, it is understood, pleased with the recent development of the powers of mobilization of the Austrian cavalry. But this is rather a case of shutting the stable

door when the steed is stolen. The Russians had a very long start, and it is probable they still maintain it. There was a grave danger for Austria in the presence on her frontier of an overwhelming force of the new Russian dragoons, which combine the best features of cavalry and mounted infantry, and in the existence in Little Russia and the Don Cossack Steppe of numerous Cossack reserves. There was, and I think there still is, the danger that a few hours before the declaration of war an immense horde of Russian cavalry will swarm through Galicia, will cut the railroads and the telegraph wires, avoid the regular armies, but destroy the whole mobilization arrangements of Austria, and beat the less numerous Austro-Hungarian cavalry, who are now stationed in wooden barrack towns upon the line between Cracow and Lemberg. The Austro-Hungarian cavalry have been increased of late for the purpose of meeting this danger, by covering the mobilization and the concentration of the army, and by defending the strategic railroads of Galicia. But they have not, I believe, achieved the first condition of success—that of being able to present themselves on the frontier with a superior force. The steps taken in Austro-Hungary have been to place a large number of independent cavalry divisions on the frontier and to give the regiments of which they are formed a peace-effective which is really a war-effective; also to arrange for sending forward all the cavalry towards the frontier immediately upon the receipt of the mobilization order. The Austrian cavalry regiments will be able to start for the frontier at a moment's notice with nine hundred sabres each. But a greater difficulty was till lately found in keeping a large force actually upon the frontier in time of peace. The climate on the Galician frontier is very bad. There are no large towns and few large villages, and the plains are extremely unhealthy in the spring. The Austrians have now, however, placed on the frontier two independent cavalry divisions, with fifty-four squadrons; and on the moment of the receipt of the order of mobilization the railways will be employed for the purpose of carrying more cavalry to the front along the Vienna-Cracow line. On the other hand, the Russians have had for many years a large force on their frontier, and have lately, as the Polish Jews will have told the Austrians, greatly increased that force, although this fact has been denied. But the Austrians will not at present be

able to place in the field more than a nominal force of sixty-one thousand sabres, all told, and those who know the Russian army best must feel that such a force will be unable to make head against the regular cavalry of the Russians, even without taking the Cossacks into account.

It is not of much use to discuss what may be called the "grand possibilities" of Austria under circumstances such as those which I have attempted to describe. No doubt she should have been the "heir of Turkey;" the protector of a Greece extended to include Albania and Macedonia and the islands and the coast to Constantinople and down Asia Minor; the friend of Servia and Roumania; the president of a Balkan Confederation — and what not. But Austria is naturally slow to move, and under her many difficulties has become constitutionally timid. Moreover, to be able to look to such a future she would have to contemplate becoming that which her ethnic constitution ought to make her, but which both Germans and Magyars are determined she shall not become — a mainly Slavonic power, in which the Tsechs and the Serbs or Croats, if not the Galician Poles, would take their share of government with the Magyars. The outlook for Austria then, is, in my opinion, far from promising. She will do all she can to avoid war with Russia, but if she avoids it she will probably be greatly humbled in the process. If she fights, I fear she will be humbled also, and humbled with the loss at least of Bukowina and the eastern portion of Galicia. Germany cannot save her, for Germany cannot interfere because of France. Italy, which could save Vienna, would have to be given South Tyrol as far as the language boundary, that is, up to within six or seven miles of Bötzen; and nothing could exceed the pain to the emperor and his court and many patriotic Austrians of being saved by Italy. On the other hand, the idea of danger to Austria from any desire on the part of her German population to join their fortunes to those of Germany may be set aside. The interest of Germany, like the interest of Austria, is to keep quiet and let things alone. Germany does not desire the disruption of Austria, for the German provinces, upper and lower Austria, and the rest, do not lie next to Germany, but are, as I have tried to show, cut off from it by a district in which the most enterprising of all Slavonic peoples hate the Germans with a deadly hatred. The recent retirement from the Diet of Prague of the sev-

enty German members of the Diet shows the present state of feeling in the Bohemian kingdom between the Germans and the Tsechs. War now rages upon every point, and as the Tsechs are at present triumphant I suppose the *Fortnightly Review* will be seized because I have not written *Praha*, though I have carefully avoided writing *Praag*.

It is difficult for any one except an Austro-Hungarian statesman to realize the difficulties of governing the dual monarchy. Cis-Leithania has, as is well known, a Reichsrath and seventeen provincial diets. The two Austrias, Styria, Carinthia, and Salzburg present no difficulties, but causes of trouble are abundant in the other districts. The emperor will probably end by getting himself crowned king of Bohemia, although it will be difficult for him to lend himself to a proscription of the German language by the Tsechs, as he has been forced by the Magyars to lend himself to the proscription in parts of Hungary of Rouman and of various Slavonic languages. But how far is this process to continue? The German Austrians are as unpopular in Istria and Dalmatia as in Bohemia; and Dalmatia is also an ancient kingdom. These territories were originally obtained by the election of the king of Hungary to the crown of the tripartite kingdom of Croatia, Slavonia, and Dalmatia. Is "Ferencz Jozsef" to be crowned king of Dalmatia? And is Dalmatia to have its separate ministry and its separate official language, and its completely separate laws? And what then of Fiume, the so-called Hungarian port? Then, again, Galicia is also an ancient kingdom, although it has at other times formed part of Poland; and the emperor is king of Galicia, as he is king of Bohemia and Dalmatia. Is he to be crowned king of Galicia? And if so, is the separate existence of Galicia to be a Polish or a Ruthenian existence, or, indeed, a Jewish? for the Jews are not only extraordinarily powerful and numerous there, but are gaining ground day by day. The Ruthenians complain as bitterly of being bullied by the Poles in Galicia as the Croats complain of the Magyars. Even here the difficulties are not ended. The margraviate of Moravia contains a large Tsech population, and will have to be added to the Bohemian kingdom. Bukowina may go with Galicia or Transylvania, Austrian Silesia may be divided between the Tsechs of Bohemia and Moravia on the one part, and the Poles or Ruthenians or Jews of Galicia on the

other. But what is to become of that which, with the most obstinate disregard of pedants, I intend to continue to call *the* Tyrol? Trieste must go with Austria and Salzburg, and the northern Tyrol and Styria and Carinthia no doubt; but it is not difficult to show that Austria would actually be strengthened by giving up the southern Tyrol, where the Italian people, or at least the Italian language, is gaining ground day by day. There really seems very little left of the integrity of the Austrian Empire at the conclusion of our survey of its constituent parts. Matters do not look much better if we turn to Transleithania. Hungary has its Reichstag (which is also known by some terrible Magyar name), its House of Representatives, and its House of Magnates, and, although there are not so many provincial diets as in Austria, Slavonia and the Banat of Croatia possess a common diet with which the Magyars are far from popular; and the principality of Transylvania also possessed separate local rights, for trying completely to suppress which the Magyars are at present highly unpopular. The principality, although under Magyar rule, is divided between Saxons and Roumans, who equally detest the Magyars, and the Croats and Slovenes who people the Banat are Slavs who also execrate their Ugrian rulers, inscriptions in whose language are defaced whenever seen. Croatia is under-represented at Pest, and says that she goes unheard, and the Croats, who have partial home rule without an executive, ask for a local executive as well, and demand Fiume and Dalmatia. If we look to the numbers of the various races, there are in Austria of Germans and Jews about nine millions to about thirteen million Slavs and a few Italians and Roumans. There are in the lands of the crown of Hungary, two millions of Germans and Jews, of Roumans nearly three millions, although the Magyars only acknowledge two and a half millions, and of Magyars and Slavs between five and six millions apiece. In the whole of the territories of the dual monarchy it will be seen that there are eighteen millions of Slavs and only seventeen millions of the ruling races — Germans, Jews, and Magyars — while between three and four millions of Roumans and Italians count along with the Slav majority as being hostile to the dominant nationalities. It is difficult to exaggerate the gravity for Austria of the state of things which these figures reveal. Count Kálnoky is a very able man; he has had a wide experience of men and

things. He has served his country first at Berlin and then at London; he has been ambassador at Rome and at St. Petersburg; and no one knows better than the common minister for foreign affairs how extraordinarily artificial is the existing state of things. The common army and the common navy are really controlled by the delegations. The delegations consist of a hundred and twenty members, of whom sixty are chosen by the Austrian Parliament and sixty by the Hungarian Parliament, which is thus vastly over-represented. Although Hungary only contributes thirty per cent., Austria contributing seventy per cent., towards the joint expenditure, the twenty gentlemen selected by the Hungarian magnates and the forty gentleman selected by the Magyar majority in the Hungarian House of Representatives hold in their hands half the power of the empire. These gentlemen really represent only six millions out of the whole population of the empire, and they are only thirty-eight per cent. in their own half of it; while the Germans are only thirty-eight per cent. in their own half. The dual monarchy is ruled by two minorities. All these figures may be contested. Austria and Hungary both habitually and purposely underestimate what may be called the foreign element in each of the two countries respectively. The Hungarians exaggerate the numbers of the Magyar population, which is undoubtedly gaining ground, and the Austrians exaggerate the number of the Germans. It must be admitted also that the majority of the Slavs of the dual monarchy are Roman Catholics in religion, and are not in any strong degree, with the exception of the Ruthenians, pro-Russian. Still, whatever deductions may be made it is impossible to upset the main contention that the present state of things is artificial in an extraordinary degree and unlikely to continue. All States are peopled by what may be termed, in an uncomplimentary word, mixtures. Just as, for example, the French, although a curious mixture, are a mixture that has been well mixed, so the people of Austro-Hungary are a mixture badly mixed. The Germans and the Magyars rule the country, but the Germans are not much more than a fourth, and the Magyars are not nearly one-sixth of the population, while the Slavs and Roumans have far more than a majority. There is a German park or German preserve in the two Austrias and their neighborhood, and a German belt round the Tschek portion of Bohemia; but even in the Austrian

duchies there is a large population which is really Croatian-Slav. We are used to look upon the duchy of Styria as German, but the southern portion of the duchy is Wendish or Slovene. So, too, with the older kingdom of Illyria, which comprises Carinthia and Carniola, the latter of which provinces is mainly Slav, Wendish, or Slovene. The Slovenes have an anti-German majority in the Carniolan Diet. In so called Austro-Hungary upon the Adriatic there are neither Germans nor Hungarians. The Slovenes meet the Italians at Trieste, and the whole Dalmatian coast is Slav with an Italian upper class, itself Croatian, that is Serb, by race. In central Bohemia the German language is being now proscribed, and German judges have to enter at an advanced age upon the study of Tsech. Moravia, which is three-quarters Tsech, is likely to follow suit. In some parts of the lands of the Hungarian crown the Slavs and in other parts of the Hungarian provinces the Roumans are gaining ground. In Croatia the present "language compromise" is that all public documents shall be written both in Croat and in Magyar, tongues which are about equally unintelligible to Germans or other peoples of the West. In Galicia, while the western half is Polish and Catholic, the eastern half is Little Russian and orthodox. The Ruthenians call themselves Russians and their country the Russian land; and they are, in fact, a very good representative specimen of a Little Russian people. "It is difficult to be a patriot in Austria," said a distinguished Austrian to me the other day, "for one does not know to the representatives of what race, religion, tongue, or principle one's allegiance is due."

No solution of the ethnic difficulties presented by Austria considered from a nationality point of view, is really possible at all. If Germany should ever come by Bavaria and the Bohemian highlands to Vienna, Tsechish Bohemia would drive a Slav wedge into the German Empire of the future. But, on the other hand, if Slav unity should ever be contemplated, the German rim round Bohemia would prove a terrible difficulty in the way. Both German concentration and Slav concentration seem impossible. The Germans of Transylvania are far indeed from the fatherland. The Roumans and the Magyars cut off the Serbs and Bulgars, and cut in half the Wends or Slovenes or Croats even according to the Pan-Slav maps of Moscow. The Roumans, in cutting the Slavs in half, only fulfil their duty

as the forgotten outposts of ancient Rome. They were put there on purpose.

According to one's fancy one may look at Tsechish Bohemia as a Slav arm thrust into the side of Germany, or upon the German part of Moravia and upon the German duchies of Austria as two German arms thrust into the side of Slavdom. No ethnographic frontier in these districts can be a good or lasting one. The difficulties are insuperable. Many of these countries, the disposal of which is difficult, were ruled once by Poland. If you look at the map of Cromwell's Europe, in which France and the United Kingdom are alone of the territories of the great powers substantially unchanged, you see a gigantic Turkey as diverse as the Austria of today; a tiny Prussia under another name; a vast Poland ruling Red Russia, White Russia, Lithuania, and half of Little Russia. For reasons given in the last article of this series, I regard the reconstitution of Poland as impossible. Certainly, a reconstitution of a Poland which might be friendly to Germany and form a barrier against Russia is out of the question altogether. I know something of the sad years that followed the repression of the last Polish insurrection, and I have a strong opinion in regard to their events. I have crossed Siberia from Perm with the long lines of Polish exiles, and on my return have met their endless chain still going on their eastern way. But I frankly admit that in Russian Poland in the present day the German is more hated than the Russian, and that the Pole, like every one else who is of Slavonic race, seems born with an instinctive hatred of the Teuton. Were there any possibility that Slavonic unity would be achieved, it certainly would be a formidable matter for all Europe. There are at least one hundred and twenty millions of Slavs in Europe—that is, of Slavs who are still Slavs in sentiment, without counting the Germanized Wends of Styria or of Prussia. Moreover, the Slavs are gaining ground. The progress of the Tsechs has been extraordinary. I once saw Palacky at Moscow, and assisted, as it were, at the new birth of the Tsech nation. The Tsechs reentered Parliament in 1879; after having for some years abstained from taking any part in its deliberations. In 1880 they obtained the right of equality of language; but by 1886 they had got so completely their own way that the Germans quitted the Bohemian Diet.

A great French geographer has described Austro-Hungary as being a per

sonal union of fifty-six States. Historically it is no doubt a Christian union against the Turk, but in modern times it has become an attempted Magyar and Jewish union against the Russian. This pretended union is mined by violent hatreds — Italian against German, Slav against German, Slav and Rouman against Magyar. The Tsechs, who are the best of all the Slavs, habitually describe their German fellow-countrymen in Bohemia as the "bugs," whilst the Germans of Bohemia style the Tsechs the "liars" or the "reptiles." The favorite memories of Bohemia are memories of a civil war, and celebrate the national rising under a leader whose name the Slavs pronounce as "Goose," whilst we insist upon talking of the Hussites. These uncompromising Tsechs are gaining ground even outside Bohemia. There are at the present moment more Tsechs in Vienna than in Prague itself. In the Adriatic, Italy is faced by an Italianized Slav country in Dalmatia, just as Greece is faced by a Greek country on the Asia Minor coast; for, while waters such as great rivers and arms of the sea are commonly taken as frontiers by modern statecraft, waters fuse just as mountains divide; and whilst mountains commonly separate civilization from barbarism or one civilization from another, you generally find the same race or the same manners on the two sides of a great river or of an easily traversed sea. There is hardly a German or Magyar in all Istria and Dalmatia who is not a mere official temporarily there. Hungary, which is ruled by one of the most interesting of peoples, which ought to be preserved under a glass case as the only powerful non-Aryan race in Europe — Hungary is torn by the dissensions caused by the hatred which these Christian Turks provoke in the minds of Roumans, Slovacs, Croats, Serbs, and Slovenes, who all oppose the Magyar policy, whilst the Germans themselves are not hearty in its support. At the same time, the Hungarians will fight to the death for their own views, because, as they say, they are not like the Roumans, the Slavs, and the Germans, who have all of them a possible existence outside of the dual monarchy. The Roumans have their brothers of Roumania to look to; the Germans have the German Empire; the Slavs have Russia, or their dream of a great Slav power; but "we Magyars have no relations in all Europe; we have nothing but the rag of soil which our ancestors conquered by the sword; outside the plain of Hungary there

is nothing for us but death, and we will not perish. Hungary fought throughout the Middle Ages to defend its existence against the Turks, but fighting for itself at the same time saved Europe. Hungary will fight again to the death to defend its existence against Russia; and again in so doing she may save Europe, and at all events we shall know we have played our historic part."

After surveying the whole field of Austrian politics, I fear we must conclude that the dualism of the monarchy is very nearly dead, and that if Austria is to exist at all she must rapidly become tripartite, and ultimately resolve herself into a somewhat loose confederation. The probability is that both the Austrian statesmen and the wearer of the imperial crown will favor the nationalities (as Count Taaffe does already) against the Germans and the Magyars from day to day more and more; but there are other dangers unfortunately besides the ethnic dangers by which the very existence of Austria is menaced. Austria is exposed to all those dangers of the unknown which exist in constitutional countries with a very limited electorate. The Taaffe government policy of decentralization and encouragement of nationalities is a wise one, although M. Tisza will not follow it, and the empire can only be maintained at all by such means; indeed, the autonomy of the provinces is likely to be still further increased. But the weakening of the central government increases the danger from Socialism, and Socialism is perhaps a greater and more present danger in the dual monarchy than in any other country. A few years ago the Vienna police had a very unpleasant surprise in the information with regard to Socialistic activity and organization in Vienna which reached them from London. Socialism, too, thrives in Hungary, where it has only been driven underground by the new anti-Socialist law. At Grätz in Styria, at Klagenfurth in Carinthia, at Wiener Neustadt, at Florisdorf near Vienna, at Reichenberg in Bohemia, and at Brünn in Moravia, Socialism is almost universal among the working men. The Socialism of Austria is not, indeed, in its public expression very violent. The writings of Austro-Hungarian Socialists are conscientious, heavy, and dull; but there seem to be two sorts of Socialists in Vienna — the reading and thinking Socialists and the party who answer to our dynamite conspirators. It is a curious fact that whilst all Europe has been occupied with Russian Nihilism, though the

number of militant Nihilists in that country is small, Socialism has been making extraordinarily rapid progress in England and Austria, as well as progress, steady but more moderate in nature, in the German Empire. Of all the great European cities, it is in Vienna that the Socialists are strongest at the present moment; but even there as yet they are within control. It is a question, however, whether the loose cohesion of a federation can deal with them effectively.

I have nothing to add to what I said in my first article in regard to the nature of the Austro-German alliance, and it will be seen from what I have said in the present article that I think the most Germany can do is to keep France neutral, and to allow Italy, if she will, to help Austria for a price. Of course, Prince Bismarck has not bound Germany to espouse all the quarrels of Austria no matter where and with whom. Of course he will not bring Russia and France upon himself by threatening Russia, or by heading or leading the European opposition to Russia in matters in which Germany is not the power most concerned. Austria, therefore, is left to bear the brunt. To use Prince Bismarck's phrase, he "gives Austria the preference." He explains that he yields to Austria because, while he wishes to uphold the sanctity of treaties, he must leave it to the powers who have the most direct interest in their strict observance in each case to enforce the necessary respect for their provisions. We have seen, in the course of the present article, what are the reasons which make the honor which Prince Bismarck offers to the Austro-Hungarian Empire so embarrassing. Military weakness; race quarrels; Socialism; financial difficulties, — these are the reasons why Austro-Hungary is unable to move in war. In the first article of this series I briefly considered the question whether, owing to her inability to fight unless absolutely attacked, the dual monarchy would be driven to accept from Russia that territorial compensation which she does not want, and of which she is in fact afraid. The occupation of Bosnia is already a sufficiently troublesome matter, although it has, among many drawbacks, the incidental advantage of keeping Montenegro quiet, and of preventing Prince Nicholas from attacking King Milan of Serbia, in order to make himself prince of that country as a Russian satrap. By going forward to Salonica, Austria would increase her military weakness; she would deeply offend the Servians and the Greeks and the

Bulgarians; and she would by increasing the number of her Slavonic subjects only hasten her own break-up. The country which some think she covets, but which as a fact she fears — Macedonia — is the battlefield of races. Even if we put aside Great Albania as a dream, and agree in the, I think, reasonable view that, as there are already great numbers of Albanians who are contented subjects of King George, Albania might well join Greece under a personal union, yet Macedonia is claimed by the Greeks, the Servians, and the Bulgarians.

It is an unfortunate fact that while the young peoples of the Balkan Peninsula have each of them a splendid vision of the future founded upon the memory of a more or less glorious past, their ambitions are terribly in conflict. There is in Transylvania, Bukowina, and Bessarabia, a Greater Roumania enshrined in every Rouman heart, and the Bulgarians, the Servians, and the Greeks respectively have their Greater Bulgaria, their Great Serbia, and their Greater Greece. But while each of these ideas has admirers among us in England, their admirers must admit that it is difficult to reconcile them. Roumanian ambitions are chiefly disagreeable to the Hungarians and to the Russians; but the Bulgarians and the Serbs and the Greeks lay claim to the same territory. All of the four small powers may be regarded as equally hostile to the great ones. Montenegro is, of course, an outpost of Russia, but the other Balkan States hate Austria and Russia pretty much alike, although their anger from time to time is turned against a particular one of the two powers whom they look upon as the great confederates. If we examine the conditions of the four smaller powers one by one and look first at Roumania, we find that the position of the king and of the government of Roumania is one of refusal of a regular alliance with Austro-Hungary, but of determination to refuse a passage to Russia and firm intention of fighting in defence of neutrality should that neutrality be attacked. There would be a good deal to say in favor of the policy of Roumania making common cause with Austro-Hungary in any event — that is, for the policy of a defensive alliance. Should Russia annex Bukowina, a large portion of Roumania would be absolutely uncovered and left standing in the air; and the result might be that Austria having been beaten first Roumania would then be plundered in her turn. On the other hand, if Roumania were to ally herself to Austria she

would probably be the first invaded, and the Russians might content themselves with the occupation of the lower Danube without attempting to cross the southern Carpathian chain. In other words that would happen which generally happens in alliances, namely, that the weaker power in the end would pay the piper. The real consideration, however, which has dictated the refusal of an Austro-Hungarian alliance by Roumania is the natural resentment which is felt at the manner in which Roumania has been treated by Austro-Hungary in the past. Austria, in the hesitation of Roumania as to making common cause with her, reaps her reward for her foolish and aimless opposition to Roumania's Danube policy, which in her own interest she ought to have supported. If from the moment of the termination of the last Russo-Turkish war Austria had made common cause with Roumania, she would have had without cost or damage to herself an all-important and permanent ally. There have even been Roumanian statesmen who have considered the possibility of Roumania voluntarily joining the Austro-Hungarian power. Nearly one-half of the Rouman race inhabit the dominions of the dual monarchy, and the Roumanians would make great sacrifices to unite their ancient people under a single rule. Russia has incurred the lasting hatred of the Roumanian race by stripping them of southern Bessarabia, a country inhabited almost entirely by Roumans; but the feeling of the Roumanians as regards the two great powers has been recently expressed by one of their most distinguished statesmen thus: "We detest the Russians, but the Austrians we both detest and despise." Roumanian feeling towards the dual monarchy has not been improved by the suppression of Transylvanian autonomy by the hated Magyar.

When Austria asked at Bucharest and at Berlin for a distinct Roumanian alliance, the Roumanian government made a counter request for a distinct guarantee of Roumanian neutrality. The formal treaty of neutrality having been refused, Roumania immediately began to spend money on fortifications. She has now determined to depend upon herself alone, and her army is so remarkably powerful that for a short war it stands sixth in Europe; so that it is possible her neutrality may be respected. It is now certain through Russia's action that if Russia occupies Bulgaria without intending directly to attack Austro-Hungary, she will have to conduct her operations by sea, and of

course with the consent of Turkey. The spirited policy of the Roumanian government is extraordinarily popular in the country, and instead of shooting their prime ministers as though they were partidges on the 1st of September, which was the recent diversion of the Roumanians, they are now actively occupied in supporting them by almost unanimous votes in the Chamber. It is a point I think in Lord Salisbury's favor that he has secured the representation of Great Britain at Constantinople at the present time by an ambassador who has had great experience of Roumania, and Sir William White, indeed, is fortunate in having served in Warsaw, in eastern Germany, and in Serbia as well; although it is perhaps a pity that he has not through his past services learnt to know the Greeks personally as well as he knows the Roumanians and the Slavs. That the sultan should have refused to welcome so distinguished a diplomatist and a man so free from anti-Turkish prejudice as Sir William White only shows his blindness or the strength of Russian influence at the Porte. When the sultan made difficulties about receiving Mr. Goschen he had a particular object in view; but when he at first objected to receive Sir William White he can have had none, and all that his Russian prompters wished was to show their influence to the world and to make England look ridiculous.

One of the several insuperable difficulties which lie in the way of a Balkan Confederation is the personal dislike of the king of Roumania for the king and queen of Servia. The king of Roumania is every inch a king, and no more able and accomplished sovereigns sit upon their thrones than King Charles, and the remarkable writer, Carmen Sylva, whose poems and novels and maxims go the round of the literary world, and who is his queen. On the other hand, King Milan and the queen of Servia are what may be styled third-class sovereigns, and unfortunately for them the king's mother and the queen herself were both originally connected with Roumania and with what may be called the Roumanian opposition. The feelings of King Charles of Roumania towards the king and queen of Servia might be imagined if one were to try to picture to oneself what would be those of the king of England towards the king of Holland, if the latter's father had married into the family of Cobbett, and he himself into that of Mr. Labouchere. The isolation of Roumania from her neighbors is, as will

have been seen, complete; but she is isolated by the very fact of her existence. Whether the Roumanians are as they assert, and as I believe, the actual descendants of the Roman legionaries, or whether they are, as Moscow professes to believe, Slavs who have been partly Romanized, they at all events are entirely separated from their neighbors by language and by race or fancied race, and are connected with them only in that religion which comes to them from abroad in a Slav form. Isolated as they are, cutting as they do the Slavonic world in half, the Roumanians need to be a tough race; and they are a tough race. I fancy that in toughness and permanency of national characteristics they are equal even to the gipsies or the Jews.

A very different people are the Servians next door, who are the same people as the Croats of Hungarian Croatia, though belonging to the Eastern instead of the Roman Church. Dreams or memories of Great Servia led them to attack the Bulgarians, as we know, and led to a defeat which was all the more pleasing to those who dislike aggression in that, owing to the better organization of the Servians, it was unexpected. The Servians claim a large portion of Macedonia in their Great Servia, and parts of it, indeed, are looked for by the Bulgarians, and others are included by the Greeks in their Greater Greece. Unfortunately for the future, these Greats and Greater overlap. The king of Servia is supposed to be the tool of Austria, and is known to be disliked in Russia. It is a curious fact that Russia turned the Karageorgevitch family off the Servian throne and restored the family of Obrenovitch because the former were too Austrian, but is now suspected of an intention to perform the opposite operation for precisely the same reason. King Milan is unpopular in his own country, and sooner or later will probably be displaced by Prince Nicholas of Montenegro or by the latter's son-in-law, who is, however, a feeble youth. At the end of 1883 there was a rising in Servia, which threatened the existence of the Servian throne, and which was the outcome of discontent produced by unconstitutional acts of the king. There was also much feeling with regard to the great pecuniary loss to Servia through the Bontoux Railway contract and the failure of the *Union Générale*, and on account of the increase of taxation and of the subservience of the king to Austria. It was urged by the Radicals of Servia that the king was practically leading the

Conservative party in that country, and that the Radicals in the Chamber were improperly excluded from all voice in the government. The Radicals had obtained a majority at the general election, and the king had followed the example of the king of Denmark and refused to listen to the Skuptschina. The mode in which the insurrection was stamped out in 1883 was one of the principal causes of the complete and deserved defeat of King Milan's forces by the Bulgarians in the recent war.

There is some doubt as to whether the majority of the Macedonians are Serbs or Bulgars. The probability on the whole is that the Russians are right in their contention that they are Bulgars; but the various races speaking the southern Slavonic tongue which exist in the Balkan Peninsula melt imperceptibly the one into the other. The future of that portion of eastern Macedonia which is still Turkish probably lies with the Bulgarians, although the Turks might have continued to rule it with the assent of all, had they been wise in time. The king of Servia recently expressed to the representatives of Bulgaria his desire for a personal union, which only shows that King Milan is even more blind to the signs of the times than his worst enemies could suppose. The notion that the Bulgarians would willingly select as their ruler a prince who had violated the constitution of his own country, who had shown a complete disregard of all constitutional traditions, and who had also been conquered in the field by an inferior force, was a singular one; but had the Bulgarians listened to King Milan's suggestion, there can be no doubt that its adoption would only have hastened the coming of the inevitable day when he himself will be driven from the Servian throne. To place King Milan on the throne of Bulgaria and to make him governor of eastern Roumelia would be impossible without a general war, and if they are to have a general war, the Bulgarians would prefer some one more popular than King Milan. These Bulgarians are the Japanese of Europe. Pleasant, courteous to strangers, all apparently young like the Japanese statesmen, prudent and yet full of ideas, the English-speaking men of Robert College certainly inspire one with confidence.

Greece, like Roumania, has this remarkable advantage over Servia and Bulgaria, that whilst Bulgaria has a monarchic constitution but cannot find a king, and Servia is provided with an unpopular ruler, Greece and Roumania have kings of real ability, and, I may add, equally charming

queens. Not that the king of Greece is popular in the sense in which the king of Roumania is popular. Greece is perhaps too intensely democratic for any king to be personally much liked in Athens, but that he is able there can be no doubt. Lord Beaconsfield once said of him, "He will be a remarkably clever fellow who can teach anything to that young man," and this was said, not with regard to book learning, but with special reference to the power of governing.

To estimate the progress of Greece it is only necessary to compare, for example, Thackeray's picture of Athens in 1844 with Athens to-day; but what the Greeks have done within their terribly contracted boundaries is hardly a sufficient guide to what they would do were they given even Epirus and the wholly Greek part of Macedonia. No doubt the Greeks have obtained Ossa as well as Pelion, but they naturally want Pindus and Olympus too. The rest of Epirus with the completely Greek town of Janina and the islands they are certain to get, and would obtain, as I think, even at the hands of that Austria of which they are so deeply jealous. Just as the Servians, the Roumans, and the Bulgarians have no friends among their neighbors, so too the Greeks. It is difficult to say whether they more dislike the Austrians or the Italians, and their latest fancy is to declare that not only does Italy covet the Albanian coast, but that she has fixed her view on Rhodes.

One great difficulty of the Greeks is in Albania. The Albanians are a separate people, with a language unlike any other, and they have a strong sentiment of nationality; but I repeat that the Albanians might well accept of their own free choice a personal union with Greece under the king of the Hellenes. No Greeks fought harder for the Hellenic cause against the Turks than did the Albanian Souliotes, and the Albanians are not numerous enough in the coveted position which they occupy to stand alone.

The Greeks have already become prudent in their policy. Their present able minister, M. Tricoupis, reduced the number of their Chamber from, roughly speaking, two hundred and fifty members to about one hundred and fifty, and this proceeding has met with extraordinary success, for it has made of their Parliament a practical and working body. At the same time it is impossible for them to rest content within the boundaries of the present kingdom. There are only about two million Greeks in Greece. There

are three millions in the Greater Greece outside, without counting those in Asia Minor, which is fast becoming completely Greek. There is every reason why England should view with pleasure the rapid development of Greece. An enlarged and strengthened Greece would be a maritime power, almost an island power, dependent upon English favor, trading chiefly with Great Britain, and the glad servant of the policy of the United Kingdom. The Greeks are sanguine of their ability to accomplish the process of which I spoke just now — the Hellenizing of the Albanians. They say that the southern Albanians are not only largely Greek in religion and in dress, for they wear the Greek *fustanella*, but that they are Greek in their leanings, and would very easily become completely Hellenized. But the Greeks are afraid of Italy and of Austria. They declare that an Italian squadron has of late been continually at Rhodes surveying and landing parties, and of course all remember the Italian intrigues in Albania not very many years ago. As regards Austria, they try to make Austrian statesmen understand that if Austria goes to Salonica, without wishing to go there, under Russian pressure, because she desires to satisfy national vanity by a show of compensation for the Russian advance, it will be only a weakness to Austria in the future. What Russia gives, Russia will some day take away. The extension of Austria would, they point out to us, be damaging to British trade, and the division of the Balkan Peninsula between Austria and Russia almost disastrous to it. On the other hand, the Greeks, who are commercial, would be good traders with us even if we should ultimately fail in keeping Russia from Constantinople. The Greek Islands, which mask the Dardanelles, produce fifty thousand of the best sailors in the world — certainly the best sailors in the Mediterranean; and if the Russians should, by confining Greece within narrow limits, ultimately cause her government to break down, and should gradually absorb these islands, it would be disastrous to British trade in the Levant. The Greeks in the past have made enormous sacrifices for the Greek idea. They have borne well the heavy blow of the denial to them of Janina after it had been promised to them by the collective voice of Europe; but Austria at Salonica, or Italy in Albania, would be a blow to the Greek idea which the Greek monarchy could not bear. Austria, they point out, has made herself as unpopular in

Bosnia as has Russia in Bulgaria. She has called down upon her the detestation of the Slavs by cutting through the old Servian land. Bosnia is not happy under Austrian rule; all except the Roman Catholic people there are discontented; but this long strip of territory is apparently held by Austria because it is the road to Salonica and to prevent Austria from being cut off from the south. In the Turkish provinces which Austria administers there lurks still that brigandage from which Greece has succeeded of late years in absolutely ridding her own territory, and Greeks proudly contrast the progress which has been made in the recently occupied parts of Thessaly with what they think the failure of Austria in Bosnia and Herzegovina.

Nevertheless, if Russia should advance in the Balkan Peninsula or should occupy Bulgaria, Austria will be driven to fight, and even with such help as she may receive is likely to be beaten; or else she might advance to Salonica as a necessary compensation for the wound to her national vanity, Greece getting the rest of Macedonia behind her, and either Greece or Italy the Albanian coast. This advance on the part of Austria might mean, however, her ultimate destruction through the predominance of the Slavs; but should she go to pieces, no very great change can be expected in the countries out of which the dual monarchy is at present formed, inasmuch as no power can hold down the Magyars, and no rearrangement of boundaries can, as I have shown, meet the case of the southern Germans and the Slavs of the surrounding districts. It has been of late suggested that the whole question of Bulgaria and the dangers which grow out of the Bulgarian situation should be referred to an European conference. It has also been suggested lately that the conference should meet, but should be more general and should consider the question of the disarmament of Europe. I believe that when England was "sounded" in February upon the meeting of the proposed conference on Bulgarian affairs she objected on the ground that it was useless to have such a conference unless the powers knew pretty well beforehand what it was they were about to do. It is generally somewhat dangerous to go into conference unless the basis of discussion is clearly defined beforehand. To meet without a defined basis is always more likely to provoke war than to lead to the preservation of peace.

It is useless to read the translations of

the Turkish native papers, as they are not allowed to publish anything except obvious lies, or such items of news as that the queen of Spain has a cold. But there have lately been some interesting articles in the *Levant Herald* upon the future relations of Austria to the territories now comprised in the Turkish Empire, and on the possibilities of forming a Balkan Confederation. These articles, besides being of value in themselves, should be also looked at for other reasons, as their publication under a severe censorship may reveal something of the secret opinions of the Porte. It must be remembered that the censor sits in the office of the *Levant Herald* whilst the paper is being "made up," and acts as a sort of editor. As the statements of the articles are made under so sharp a censorship, they must clearly be articles which the Turks think it wise to have seen and read. In these articles it is pointed out that the advance of Russia on Constantinople by Asia is more likely and more dangerous than the advance by Europe. In Asia Russia has no enemies behind her. As regards Europe, the "pure and patient patriotism" of the Bulgarians gives ground for hope in the possibility of the formation of a powerful Balkan Confederation under Turkish headship, but England has cut the future Balkan Confederation in half by presenting Bosnia and Herzegovina to Austria at Berlin. The vast number of Serbs in the Banat and in Bosnia, and the vast number of Roumans in Transylvania point, in the opinion of the *Levant Herald*, to the necessity of some rearrangement of boundaries between the Balkan Confederation of the future and the dual monarchy.

The weakest point in the suggestion of the *Levant Herald* for a Balkan Confederation under Turkish headship, is that Roumania, expecting the brunt of any attack to fall upon herself, would probably prefer to keep clear of any such arrangement. In the second place, the Servians would not improbably be stirred up by Austria to resist it; and in the third place, on the side of Greece, the proposal of such a confederation at the present time would virtually constitute a request to Greece to guarantee Turkey in her present dominion, and to give up all hope of receiving Janina itself. I fear that a Balkan Confederation, whether under Austrian or Turkish headship, is a dream, and about as little possible of realization as that union between Servia and Bulgaria for which King Milan longs, and which would

only lead to his deposition in favor of some one else — as, for example, the prince of Montenegro, who could unite all Greater Serbia and Slavonic Macedonia, and thus overshadow Greece. Of all the Balkan States, Bulgaria is the only one which would be inclined to come into confederation at the present time; and it is of no use even to talk of such a scheme at a moment when the Continent is bristling with bayonets. The only real question worth asking is the one which I have asked before, namely, Will Austria resist Russian pretensions; and will she, if in danger of conquest, be supported by allies, or will she yield and take her share of the spoils?

Much fault has been found with what I said on a former occasion as to Russia at Constantinople, and as to whether Constantinople is a British or an Austrian interest. A good deal depends upon how Russia reaches Constantinople. From one point of view it may almost be said that if Russia gets to Constantinople by Asia it will be a great blow to England, and that if she gets there by Europe it will be the destruction of Austria. Some are inclined to argue thus: What does any present influence at Constantinople give us that an understanding with Russia would not give us? The answer is, that the history of the past, and indeed of the present, will show that understandings with Russia are not worth much. The fact that Turkey is pro-Russian at the present time, that the Levant trade is not just now very profitable, and that the Turkish railways are not paying and are not being pushed forward — all these considerations concur to make the English taxpayer and the English investor inclined to be neutral, and he has come to think that it would be better to agree than to fight. Germany will not fight to keep Russia from Constantinople, and we are told we should be as practical. We are also told of our want of power to carry on the struggle, which is a somewhat dangerous argument. As a matter of fact we are not in numbers relatively weaker now than we always were, though I admit and have shown that we are more vulnerable. There is, however, less danger of a mere rush for Constantinople at the present moment than there has been for some time. The small peoples of the Slav races which were expected to help Russia towards Constantinople are now alienated from her, and as long as she remains a military autocracy that alienation, once provoked, is likely to continue. On the other hand,

she cannot advance through Asia as long as she professes to be friendly to the Turks. Why not, then, wait and watch, and without exaggeration on either side keep our hands free for the future? We are not bound to make up our minds upon this particular case, irrespective of the considerations of the moment. We are not here bound by treaty obligations; for the conditions of the Anglo-Turkish convention have certainly not been fulfilled. Let us only avoid inviting Russia to Constantinople, as some of our writers and speakers do, to the possibly great detriment of British trade.

Two views have been taken of Lord Salisbury's speech of November last: the one that he expected at that time that Austria would play the main part in barring the approach of Russia to Constantinople; the other that he already knew that Austria would avoid war by all means in her power. The latter is the true view, as I showed in the first article of this series. There is nothing new in this shrinking back on the part of Austria. Lord Salisbury has experienced it once previously in the course of his career. An arrangement was discussed by Lord Beaconsfield and Count Andrassy, at the time of the Treaty of Berlin, by which Austria and England were jointly to guarantee the integrity of Turkish territory — Austria in Europe and England in Asia Minor. Turkish territory, it should be remembered, at that time meant practically, as it does still theoretically, eastern Roumelia and the Balkan line. Moreover, there was behind this the understanding that England was to come to the assistance of Austria in Europe, and Austria to make common cause with England in the event of Turkey being attacked in Asia Minor. But this offer of an English alliance to Austria fell through in the same way in which the suggestion of England in October last failed to receive encouragement.

If the Austrians would adopt a policy of friendliness and consideration towards the Greeks, the Roumanians, and the Servians; if they would abandon all idea of advancing under any circumstances towards Salonica; if they would strengthen the internal condition of the dual monarchy by converting it into a loose confederation, with equal rights conferred on Bohemia and Croatia and Polish Galicia, while holding fast to the Italian alliance, to be paid for, when the time arrives, by the southern Tyrol, — if they did this, they would be able to maintain themselves as a great power. Very naturally as matters

stand they are in mortal fear of Russia, and the result is that Count Kálnoky and all the leading ministers of the country, great as are their abilities, get a reputation for weakness which they do not deserve. The courage and energy of the Magyars are a very important point in Austria's favor, and so under a tripartite or federative system also would be the energy of the Tsechs; for the Austrian Slavs, with the exception of the Little Russians of Ruthenia and northern Bukowina, do not sympathize with Russia to any great extent. At the same time they detest both the Germans and the Magyars; and Slavs, Germans, Magyars, and Roumans cannot be permanently held together in the empire except by the adoption of the federative system.

Here lies the danger of the eastern empire, which many used to think was menaced by Prince Bismarck, who as a matter of fact is, of all men in Europe, the man who most desires to keep Austria alive. It is a necessity to him that she should continue to exist. Once destroy Austria, and Germany is left to fight it out with France and Russia without assistance; for in this case Italy would not move. Austria gains on the one side by this feeling in Prince Bismarck's mind, or let us say in the German mind. She gains on the other by the existence of a somewhat better feeling towards her of late in the minds of the Bulgarians and of the Balkan Slavs, and by a thorough and clearer conception on the part of the Hungarians that their very existence would be menaced by the downfall of the dual monarchy. After the division of the respective spheres of influence of Bulgaria, Greece, and Servia in Macedonia, Austria might gradually increase her influence in the Balkan States; and if she would take the bold step of making an arrangement for evacuating part of Bosnia and the Herzegovina, so as to show she had no intention of going southwards to Salonica, she might bring together in a general understanding with herself the small States and the Turks; but this unfortunately is impracticable, as Austro-Hungarian pride will effectually prevent the abandonment of any portion of Bosnia. While Balkan confederation is out of the question, Balkan alliance is possible, and will offer the advantage of helping to prolong Austria's existence. The division of the Balkan Peninsula between Austria and Russia would, on the contrary, only make the downfall of Austria the more certain. For Austria to go to Salonica would be for her

to embark in the most irritating kind of warfare with the whole people of Macedonia — Greek, Servian, and Bulgarian; and when she got there she would only have increased her unwieldiness and the number of her Slavonic subjects, and could not after all maintain herself in Macedonia one day longer than Russia chose to allow. The ultimate result would only be her downfall and the establishment of Russia upon the Adriatic.

From The English Illustrated Magazine.
A SECRET INHERITANCE.

BY B. L. FARJEON.

BOOK THE FIRST.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE examination of the prisoner by the magistrate lasted but a very short time, for the reason that no replies of any kind could be obtained to the questions put to him. He maintained a dogged silence, and although the magistrate impressed upon him that this silence was in itself a strong proof of his guilt, and that if he had anything to say in his defence it would be to his advantage to say it at once, not a word could be extracted from him, and he was taken to his cell, instructions being given that he should not be unbound and that a strict watch should be kept over him. While the unsuccessful examination was proceeding I observed the man two or three times raise his eyes furtively to mine, or rather endeavor to raise them, for he could not, for the hundredth part of a second, meet my stern gaze, and each time he made the attempt it ended in his drooping his head with a shudder. On other occasions I observed his eyes wandering round the room in a wild, disordered way, and these proceedings, which to my mind were the result of a low, premeditated cunning, led me to the conclusion that he wished to convey the impression that he was not in his right senses, and therefore not entirely responsible for his crime. When the monster was taken away I spoke of this, and the magistrate fell in with my views, and said that the assumption of pretended insanity was not an uncommon trick on the part of criminals. I then asked him and Doctor Louis whether they would accompany me in a search for the weapon with which the dreadful deed was committed (for none had been found on the prisoner), and in a further examination of the ground the

man had traversed after he had killed his comrade in guilt. Doctor Louis expressed his willingness, but the magistrate said he had certain duties to attend to which would occupy him half an hour or so, and that he would join us later on. So Doctor Louis and I departed alone to continue the investigation I had already commenced.

We began at the window at the back of the doctor's house, and I again propounded to Doctor Louis my theory of the course of action, to which he listened attentively, but was no more convinced than he had been before that a struggle had taken place.

"But," he said, "whether a struggle for life did or did not take place there is not the slightest doubt of the man's guilt. I have always viewed circumstantial evidence with the greatest suspicion, but in this instance I should have no hesitation, were I the monster's judge, to mete out to him the punishment for his crime."

Shortly afterwards we were joined by the magistrate, who had news to communicate to us.

"I have had," he said, "another interview with the prisoner, and have succeeded in unlocking his tongue. I went to his cell, unaccompanied, and again questioned him. To my surprise he asked me if I was alone. I moved back a pace or two, having the idea that he had managed to loosen the ropes by which he was bound, and that he wished to know if I was alone for the purpose of attacking me. In a moment, however, the fear was dispelled, for I saw that his arms were tightly and closely bound to his side, and that it was out of his power to injure me. He repeated his question, and I answered that I was quite alone, and that his question was a foolish one, for he had the evidence of his senses to convince him. He shook his head at this, and said in a strange voice that the evidence of his senses was sufficient in the case of men and women, but not in the case of spirits and demons. I smiled inwardly at this—for it does not do for a magistrate to allow a prisoner from whom he wishes to extract evidence to detect any signs of levity in his judge—and I thought of the view you had presented to me that the man wished to convey an impression that he was a madman, in order to escape to some extent the consequences of the crime he had committed. 'Put spirits and demons,' I said to him, 'out of the question. If you have anything to say or confess, speak at once; and if you wish to convince yourself that there are no witnesses either in this cell

—though that is plainly evident—or outside, here is the proof.' I threw open the door, and showed him that no one was listening to our speech. 'I cannot put spirits or demons out of the question,' he said, 'because I am haunted by one, who has brought me to this.' He looked down at his ropes and imprisoned limbs. 'Are you guilty or not guilty?' I asked. 'I am not guilty,' he replied; 'I did not kill him.' 'But he is murdered,' I said. 'Yes,' he replied, 'he is murdered.' 'If you did not kill him,' I continued, 'who did?' 'What do you think he answered?' 'A demon killed him,' he said, 'and would have killed me, if I had not fled and played him a trick.' I gazed at him in thought, wondering whether he had the slightest hope that he was imposing upon me by his lame attempt at being out of his senses. 'A demon?' I said questioningly. 'Yes, a demon,' he replied. 'But,' I said, and I admit that my tone was somewhat bantering, 'demons are more powerful than mortals.' 'That is where it is,' he said; 'that is why I am here.' 'You are a clumsy scoundrel,' I said, 'and I will prove it to you; then you may be induced to speak the truth—in which,' I added, 'lies your only hope of a mitigation of punishment. Not that I hold out to you any such hope; but if you can establish, when you are ready to confess, that what you did was done in self-defence, it will be a point in your favor.' 'I cannot confess,' he said, 'to a crime which I did not commit. I am a clumsy scoundrel perhaps, but not in the way you mean. Prove it to me if you can.' 'You say,' I began, 'that a demon killed your comrade.' 'He did,' persisted the prisoner. 'And,' I continued, 'that he would have killed you if you had not fled from him.' 'He would,' said the prisoner. 'But,' I said, 'demons are more powerful than men. Of what avail would have been your flight? Men can only walk or run; demons can fly. The demon you have invented could have easily overtaken you and finished you as you say he finished the man you murdered.' He was a little staggered at this, and I saw him pondering over it. 'It isn't for me,' he said presently, 'to pretend to know why he did not suspect the trick I played him; he could have killed me if he wanted. I have spoken the truth. I heard him pursuing me.' 'There again,' I said, wondering that there should be in the world men with such a low order of intelligence, 'you heard him pursuing you. Demons glide noiselessly along. It is impossible you could have heard this one.

You will have to invent another story.' 'I have invented none,' he persisted doggedly, and repeated, 'I have spoken the truth.' As I could get nothing further out of him than a determined adherence to his ridiculous defence, I left him."

"Do you think," asked Doctor Louis, "that he has any, even the remotest, belief in the story? Men sometimes delude themselves."

"I cannot believe it," replied the magistrate, "and yet I confess to being slightly puzzled. There was an air of sincerity about him which might be to his advantage had he to deal with judges who were ignorant of the cunning of criminals."

"Which means," said Doctor Louis, "that it is really not impossible that the man's mind is diseased."

"No," said the magistrate, in a positive tone, "I cannot for a moment admit it. A tale in which a spirit or a demon is the principal actor! In this age it is too absurd!"

At that moment I made a discovery; I drew from the midst of a bush a stick, one end of which was stained with blood. From its position it seemed as if it had been thrown hastily away; there had certainly been no attempt at concealment.

"Here is the weapon," I cried, "with which the deed was done!"

The magistrate took it immediately from my hand, and examined it.

"Here," I said, pointing downwards, "is the direct line of flight taken by the prisoner, and he must have flung the stick away in terror as he ran."

"It is an improvised weapon," said the magistrate, "cut but lately from a tree, and fashioned so as to fit the hand and be used with effect."

I, in my turn, then examined the weapon, and was struck by its resemblance to the branch I had myself cut the previous night during the watch I kept upon the ruffians. I spoke of the resemblance, and said that it looked to me as if it were the self-same stick I had shaped with my knife.

"Do you remember," asked the magistrate, "what you did with it after your suspicions were allayed?"

"No," I replied, "I have not the slightest remembrance what I did with it. I could not have carried it home with me, or I should have seen it this morning before I left my house. I have no doubt that, after my mind was at ease as to the intentions of the ruffians, I flung it aside into the woods, having no further use for it. When the men set out to perpetrate

the robbery they must have stumbled upon the branch, and, appreciating the pains I had bestowed upon it, took it with them. There appears to be no other solution to their possession of it."

"It is the only solution," said the magistrate.

"So that," I said, with a sudden thrill of horror, "I am indirectly responsible for the direction of the tragedy, and should have been responsible had they used the weapon against those I love. It is terrible to think of."

Doctor Louis pressed my hand. "We have all happily been spared, Gabriel," he said. "It is only the guilty who have suffered."

We continued our search for some time, without meeting with any further evidence, and I spent the evening with Doctor Louis's family, and was deeply grateful that Providence had frustrated the villainous schemes of the wretches who had conspired against them. On this evening Lauretta and I seemed to be drawn closer to each other, and once, when I held her hand in mine for a moment or two (it was done unconsciously), and her father's eyes were upon us, I was satisfied that he did not deem it a breach of the obligation into which we had entered with respect to my love for his daughter. Indeed it was not possible that all manifestations of a love so profound and absorbing as mine should be successfully kept out of sight; it would have been contrary to nature.

I slept that night in Doctor Louis's house, and the next morning Lauretta and Lauretta's mother said that they had experienced a feeling of security because of my presence.

At noon I was on my way to the magistrate's office.

CHAPTER XXII.

My purpose was to obtain, by the magistrate's permission, an interview with the prisoner. His account of the man's sincere or pretended belief in spirits and demons had deeply interested me, and I wished to have some conversation with him respecting this particular adventure which had ended in murder. I obtained without difficulty the permission I sought. I asked if the prisoner had made any further admissions or confession, and the magistrate answered no, and that the man persisted in a sullen adherence to the tale he had invented in his own defence.

"I saw him this morning," the magistrate said, "and interrogated him with

severity, to no effect. He continues to declare himself to be innocent, and reiterates his fable of the demon."

"Have you asked him," I inquired, "to give you an account of all that transpired within his knowledge from the moment he entered Nerac until the moment he was arrested?"

"No," said the magistrate, "it did not occur to me to demand of him so close a description of his movements; and I doubt whether I should have been able to drag it from him. The truth he will not tell, and his invention is not strong enough to go into minute details. He is conscious of this, conscious that I should trip him up again and again on minor points which would be fatal to him, and his cunning nature warns him not to thrust his head into the trap. He belongs to the lowest order of criminals."

My idea was to obtain from the prisoner just such a circumstantial account of his movements as I thought it likely the magistrate would have extracted from him; and I felt that I had the power to succeed where the magistrate had failed. This power I determined to use.

I was taken into the man's cell, and left there without a word. He was still bound; his brute face was even more brute and haggard than before, his hair was matted, his eyes had a look in them of mingled terror and ferocity. He spoke no word, but he raised his head and lowered it again when the door of the cell was closed behind me.

"What is your name?" I asked. But I had to repeat the question twice before he answered me.

"Pierre," he said.

"Why did you not reply to me at once?" But to this question, although I repeated it also twice, he made no response.

"It is useless," I said sternly, "to attempt evasion with me, or to think that I will be content with silence. I have come here to obtain a confession from you—a true confession, Pierre—and I will force it from you, if you do not give it willingly. Do you understand me? I will force it from you."

"I understand you," he said, keeping his face averted from me, "but I will not speak."

"Why?" I demanded.

"Because you know all; because you are only playing with me; because you have a design against me."

His words astonished me, and made me more determined to carry out my inten-

tion. He had made it clear to me that there was something hidden in his mind, and I was resolved to get at it.

"What design can I have against you," I said, "of which you need be afraid? You are in sufficient peril already, and there is no hope for you. Your life is forfeit. What worse danger can befall you? Soon you will be as dead as the man you murdered."

"I did not murder him," was the strange reply, "and you know it."

"Fool!" I exclaimed. "You are playing the same trick upon me that you played upon your judge. It was unsuccessful with him; it will be as unsuccessful with me. Answer me. What further danger can threaten you than the danger, the certain, positive danger, in which you now stand? You are doomed, Pierre."

"My body is, perhaps," he muttered, "but not my soul."

"Oh," I said, in a tone of contempt, "you believe in a soul."

"Yes," he replied, "do not you?"

"I? Yes. With reason, with intelligence. Not out of my fears, but out of my hopes."

"I have no hopes and no fears," he said. "I have done wrong, but not the wrong with which I am charged."

"Look at me, Pierre."

His response to this was to hide his head closer on his breast, to make an even stronger endeavor to avoid my glance.

"When I next command you," I said, "you will obey. About your soul? Believing that you possess one, what worse peril can threaten it than the pass to which you have brought it by your crime?"

And still he doggedly repeated, "I have committed no crime."

"You fear me?" I asked.

"Yes."

"Why?"

"Because you are here to tempt me, to ensnare me. I will not look at you."

I strode to his side, and with my strong hand on his shoulder, forced him to raise his head, forced him to look me straight in the face. His eyes wavered for a few moments, shifted as though they would escape my compelling power, and finally became fixed on mine. He had no power to resist me. The will in me was strong, and produced its effects on the weaker mind. Gradually what brilliancy there was in his eyes became dimmed, and drew but a reflected, shadowy light from mine. Thus we remained face to face for some four or five minutes, and then I spoke.

"Relate to me," I said, "all that you know from the time you and the man who is dead conceived the idea of coming to Nerac up to the present moment. Conceal nothing. The truth, the bare, naked truth."

"We were poor, both of us," Pierre commenced, "and had been poor all our lives. That would not have mattered had we been able to obtain meat and wine. But we could not. We were neither of us honest, and had been in prison more than once for theft. We were never innocent when we were convicted, although we swore we were. I got tired of it; starvation is a poor game. I would have been contented with a little, and so would he, but we could not make sure of that little. Nothing else was left to us but to take what we wanted. The wild beasts do; why should not we? But we were too well known in our village, some sixty miles from Nerac, so, talking it over, we said we would come here and try our luck. We had heard of Doctor Louis, and that he was a rich man. He can spare what we want, we said; we will go and take. We had no idea of blood; we only wanted money, to buy meat and wine with. So we started, with nothing in our pockets. On the first day we had a slice of luck. We met a man and waylaid him, and took from him all the money he had in his pockets. It was not much, but enough to carry us to Nerac. No more; but we were satisfied. We did not hurt the man; a knock on the head did not take his senses from him, but brought him to them; so, being convinced, he gave us what he had, and we departed on our way. We were not fast walkers, and besides we did not know the straightest road to Nerac, so we were four days on the journey. When we entered the inn of the Three Black Crows we had just enough money left to pay for a bottle of red wine. We called for it, and sat drinking. While we were there a spirit entered in the shape of a man. This spirit, whom I did not then know to be a demon, sat talking with the landlord of the Three Black Crows. He looked towards the place where we were sitting, and I wondered whether he and the landlord were talking of us; I could not tell, because what they said did not reach my ears. He went away, and we went away, too, some time afterwards. We wanted another bottle of red wine, but the landlord would not give it to us without our paying for it, and we had no money; our pockets were bare. So out we went into the night; it was very dark. We had

settled our plan. Before we entered the Three Black Crows we had found out Doctor Louis's house, and knew exactly how it was situated; there would be no difficulty in finding it later on, despite the darkness. We had decided not to make the attempt until at least two hours past midnight, but, for all that, when we left the inn we walked in the direction of the doctor's house. I do not know if we should have continued our way, because, although I saw nothing and heard nothing, I had a fancy that we were being followed; I couldn't say by what, but the idea was in my mind. So, talking quietly together, he and I determined to turn back to some woods on the outskirts of Nerac which we had passed through before we reached the village, and there to sleep an hour or two till the time arrived to put our plan into execution. Back we turned, and as we went there came a sign to me. I don't know how; it was through the senses, for I don't remember hearing anything that I could not put down to the wind. My mate heard it too, and we stopped in fear. 'What was that?' my mate said. 'Are we being followed?' I said nothing. We stood quiet a long while, and heard nothing. Then my mate said, 'It was the wind;' and we went on till we came to the woods, which we entered. Down upon the ground we threw ourselves, and in a minute my mate was asleep. Not so I; but I pretended to be. Then came a shadow that bent over us. I did not move; I even breathed regularly to put it off the scent. Presently it departed, and I opened my eyes; nothing was near us. Then, being tired with the long day's walk, and knowing that there was work before us which would be better done after a little rest, I fell asleep myself. We both slept, I can't say how long, but from the appearance of the night I judged till about the time we had resolved to do our work. I woke first, and awoke my mate, and off we set to the doctor's house. We reached it in less than an hour, and nothing disturbed us on the way. That made me think that I had been deceived, and that my senses had been playing tricks with me. I told my mate of my fears, and he laughed at me, and I laughed too, glad to be relieved. We walked round the doctor's house, to decide where we should commence. The front of it faces the road, and we thought that too dangerous, so we made our way to the back, and, talking in whispers, settled to bore a hole through the shutters there. We were very quiet; no fear of our being heard. The hole be-

ing bored, it was easy to cut away wood enough to enable us to open the window and make our way into the house. We did not intend violence, that is, not more than was necessary for our safety. We had talked it over, and had decided that no blood was to be shed. Robbers we were, but not murderers. Our plan was to gag and tie up any one who interfered with us. My mate and I had had no quarrel; we were faithful partners; and I had no other thought than to remain true to him as he had no other thought than to remain true to me. Share and share alike—that was what we both intended. So he worked away at the shutter, while I looked on. Suddenly, crack! A blow came, from the air it seemed, and down fell my mate, struck dead! He did not move; he did not speak; he died, unshriven. I looked down, dazed, when I heard a swishing sound in the air behind me, as though a great club was making a circle and about to fall upon my head. It was all in a minute, and I turned and saw the demon. Dark as it was, I saw him. I slanted my body aside, and the club, instead of falling upon my head, fell upon my shoulder. I ran for my life, and down came another blow, on my head this time, but it did not kill me. I raced like a madman, tearing at the bushes, and the demon after me. I was struck again and again, but not killed. Wounded and bleeding, I continued my flight, till flat I fell like a log. Not because all my strength was gone; no, there was still a little left; but I showed myself more cunning than the demon, for down I went as if I was dead, and he left me, thinking me so. Then, when he was gone, I opened my eyes, and managed to drag myself away to the place where I was found yesterday more dead than alive. I did not kill my mate; I never raised my hand against him. What I have said is the truth, as I hope for mercy in the next world, if I don't get it in this!"

This was the incredible story related to me by the villain who had threatened the life of the woman I loved; for he did not deceive me; murder was in his heart, and his low cunning only served to show him in a blacker light. However, I did not leave him immediately. I released him from the spell I had cast upon him, and he stood before me, shaking and trembling, with a look in his eyes as though he had just been awakened from sleep.

"What have I said?" he muttered.

"You have confessed all," I said, meeting cunning with cunning.

"All!" he muttered. "What do you mean?"

Then I told him that he had made a full confession of his crime, and in the telling expounded my own theory, as if it had come from his lips, of the thoughts which led to it, and of its final committal—my hope being that he would even now admit that he was the murderer. But he vehemently defended himself.

"If I have said as much," he said, "it is you who have driven me to it, and it is you who have come here to set a snare for my destruction. But it is not possible, because what you have told me is false from beginning to end."

So I left him, amazed at his dogged, determined obstinacy, which I knew would not avail him. He was doomed, and justly doomed.

CHAPTER XXIII.

I HAVE been reading over the record I have written of my life, which has been made with care and a strict adherence to the truth. I am at the present hour sitting alone in the house I have taken and furnished, and to which I hope shortly to bring my beloved Lauretta as my wife. The writing of this record from time to time has grown into a kind of habit with me, and there are occasions in which I have been greatly interested in myself. Never until this night have I read the record from beginning to end, and I have come to a resolution to discontinue it. My reason is a sufficient one, and as it concerns no man else, no man can dispute my right to make it.

My resolution is, after to-morrow, to allow my new life, soon to commence, to flow on uninterruptedly without burdening myself with the labor of putting into writing the happy experiences awaiting me. I shall be no longer alone; Lauretta will be by my side; I should begrudge the hours which deprived me of her society.

Another thing. I must have no secrets from her; and much that here is recorded should properly be read by no other eye than mine. Lauretta's nature is so gentle, her soul so pure, that it would distress her to read these pages. This shall not be. I recognize a certain morbid vein in myself which the continuing of this record might magnify into a disease. It presents itself to me in the light of guarding myself against myself, by adopting wise measures to foster cheerfulness. That my nature is more melancholy than cheerful is doubtless to be ascribed to the circumstances

of my child life, which was entirely devoid of light and gaiety. This must not be in the future; I have a battle to fight, and I shall conquer because Lauretta's happiness is on the issue.

It will, however, be as well to make the record complete in a certain sense, and I shall therefore take note of certain things which have occurred since my conversation with Pierre in his cell. That done, I shall put these papers aside in a secret place, and shall endeavor to forget them. My first thought was to destroy the record, but I was influenced in the contrary direction by the fact that my first meeting with Lauretta and the growth of my love for her, are described in it. First impressions jotted down at the time of their occurrence have a freshness about them which can never be imparted by the aid of memory, and it may afford me pleasure in the future to live over again, through these pages, the sweet days of my early intimacy with my beloved girl. Then there is the strange story of Kristel and Silvain, which undoubtedly is worth preserving.

First, to get rid of the miserable affair of the attempt to rob Doctor Louis's house. Pierre was tried and convicted, and has paid the penalty of his crime. His belief in the possession of a soul could not, after all, have had in it the spirit of sincerity; it must have been vaunted merely in pursuance of his cunning endeavors to escape his just punishment; otherwise he would have confessed before he died. Father Daniel, the good priest, did all he could to bring the man to repentance, but to the last he insisted that he was innocent. It was strange to me to hear Father Daniel express himself sympathetically towards the criminal.

"He labored, up to the supreme moment," said the good priest, in a compassionate tone, "under the singular hallucination that he was going before his Maker guiltless of the shedding of blood. So fervent and apparently sincere were his protestations that I could not help being shaken in my belief that he was guilty."

"Then you believe in demons?" I remarked, amazed at this weakness.

"Not in the sense," said Father Daniel, "that the unhappy man would have had me believe. Reason rejects his story as something altogether too incredulous; and yet I pity him."

I did not prolong the discussion with the good priest; it would have been useless, and, to Father Daniel, painful. We looked at the matter from widely different standpoints. Intolerance warps the judg-

ment; no less does such a life as Father Daniel has lived, forever seeking to find excuses for error and crime, forever seeking to palliate a man's misdeeds. Sweetness of disposition carried to extremes, may degenerate into positive mental feebleness; to my mind this is the case with Father Daniel. He is not the kind who, in serious matters, can be depended upon for a just estimate of human affairs.

Eric and Emilius, after a longer delay than Doctor Louis anticipated, have taken up their residence in Nerac. They paid two short visits to the village, and I was in hopes each time upon their departure that they had relinquished their intention of living in Nerac. I did not give expression to my wish, for I knew it was not shared by any member of Doctor Louis's family.

It is useless to disguise that I dislike them, and that there exists between us a certain antipathy. To be just, this appears to be more on my side than on theirs, and it is not in my disfavor that the feelings I entertain are nearer the surface. Doctor Louis and the ladies entertain a high opinion of them; I do not; and I have already some reason for looking upon them with a suspicious eye. This reason I will presently explain.

When we were first introduced it was natural that I should regard them with interest, an interest which sprang from the story of their father's fateful life. They bear a wonderful resemblance to each other; they are both fair, with tawny beards, which it appears to me they take a pride in shaping and trimming alike; their eyes are blue, and they are of exactly the same height. Undoubtedly handsome men, having in that respect the advantage of me, who, in point of attractive looks, cannot compare with them. They seem to be devotedly attached to each other, but this may or may not be. So were Silvain and Kristel until a woman stepped between them and changed their love to hate. Before I came into personal relationship with Eric and Emilius I made up my mind to distrust appearances and to seek for evidence upon which to form an independent judgment. Some such evidence has already come to me, and I shall secretly follow it up.

They are on terms of the most affectionate intimacy with Doctor Louis and his family, and both Lauretta and Lauretta's mother take pleasure in their society; Doctor Louis, also, in a lesser degree. Women are always more effusive than men.

They are not aware of the relations which bind me to the village. That they may have some suspicion of my feelings for Lauretta is more than probable, for I have seen them look from her to me and then at each other, and I have interpreted these looks. It is as if they said, "Why is this stranger here? He is usurping our place." I have begged Doctor Louis to allow me to speak openly to Lauretta, and he has consented to shorten the period of silence to which I was pledged. I have his permission to declare my love to his daughter to-morrow. There are no doubts in my mind that she will accept me; but there *are* doubts that if I left it too late there would be danger that her love for me would be weakened. Yes, although it is torture to me to admit it I cannot rid myself of this impression. How would this be effected and by whom? By these brothers, Eric and Emilius, and by means of misrepresentations to my injury. I have no positive data to go upon, but I am convinced that they have an aversion towards me, and that they are in their hearts jealous of me. The doctor is blind to their true character; he believes them to be generous and noble-minded, men of rectitude and high principle. They are not so. I have the evidence of my senses in proof of it.

So much have I been disturbed and unhinged by my feelings towards these brothers—feelings which I have but imperfectly expressed—that latterly I have frequently been unable to sleep. Impossible to lie abed and toss about for hours in an agony of unrest; therefore I chose the lesser evil, and resumed the nocturnal wanderings which was my habit in Rosemullion before the death of my parents. These nightly rambles have been taken in secret, as in the days of my boyhood, and I mused and spoke aloud, as was my custom during that period of my life. But I had new objects to occupy me now—the home in which I hoped to enjoy a heaven of happiness with Lauretta its guiding star, and all the bright anticipations of the future. I strove to confine myself to these dreams, which filled my soul with joy, but there came to me always the figures of Eric and Emilius, dark shadows to threaten my promised happiness.

Last week it was, on a night in which I felt that sleep would not be mine if I sought my couch; therefore, earlier than usual—it was barely eleven o'clock—I left the house and went into the woods. Martin Hartog and his fair daughter were in the habit of retiring early and rising

with the sun, and I stole quietly away unobserved. At twelve o'clock I turned homewards, and when I was about a hundred yards from my house I was surprised to hear a low murmur of voices within a short distance of me. Since the night on which I visited the Three Black Crows and saw the two strangers there who had come to Nerac with evil intent, I had become very watchful, and now these voices speaking at such an untimely hour thoroughly aroused me. I stepped quietly in their direction, so quietly that I knew I could not be heard, and presently I saw standing at a distance of ten or twelve yards the figures of a man and a woman. The man was Emilius, the woman Martin Hartog's daughter.

Although I had heard their voices before I reached the spot upon which I stood when I recognized their forms, I could not even now determine what they said, they spoke in such low tones. So I stood still and watched them, and kept myself from their sight. I may say honestly that I should not have been guilty of the meanness had it not been that I entertain an unconquerable aversion against Eric and Emilius. I was sorry to see Martin Hartog's daughter holding a secret interview with a man at midnight, for the girl had inspired me with a respect of which I now knew she was unworthy; but I cannot aver that I was sorry to see Emilius in such a position, for it was an index to his character and a justification of the unfavorable opinion I had formed of him and Eric. Alike as they were in physical presentment, I had no doubt that their moral natures bore the same kind of resemblance. Libertines both of them, ready for any low intrigue, and holding in light regard a woman's good name and fame. Truly the picture before me showed clearly the stuff of which these brothers are made. If they hold one woman's good name so lightly, they hold all women so. Fit associates, indeed, for a family so pure and stainless as Doctor Louis's!

This was no chance meeting—how was that possible at such an hour? It was premeditated. Theirs was no new acquaintanceship; it must have lasted already some time. The very secrecy of the interview was in itself a condemnation.

Should I make Doctor Louis acquainted with the true character of the brothers who held so high a place in his esteem? This was the question that occurred to me as I gazed upon Emilius and Martin Hartog's daughter, and I soon answered it in the negative. Doctor Louis was a

man of settled convictions, hard to convince, hard to turn. His first impulse, upon which he would act, would be to go straight to Emilius, and enlighten him upon the discovery I had made. And then? Why, then, Emilius would invent some tale which it would not be hard to believe, and make light of a matter I deemed so serious. I should be placed in the position of an eavesdropper, as a man setting sly watches upon others to whom, from causeless grounds, I had taken a dislike. I should be at a disadvantage. Whatever the result one thing was certain — that I was a person capable not only of unreasonable antipathies but of small meannesses to which a gentleman would not descend. The love which Doctor Louis bore to Silvain, and which he had transferred to Silvain's children, was not to be easily turned; and at the best I should be introducing doubts into his mind which would reflect upon myself because of the part of spy I had played. No; I decided, for the present at least, to keep the knowledge to myself.

As to Martin Hartog, though I could not help feeling pity for him, it was for him, not me, to look after his daughter. From a general point of view these affairs were common enough.

I seemed to see now in a clearer light the kind of man Silvain was — one who would set himself deliberately to deceive where most he was trusted. Honor, fair dealing, brotherly love, were as nought in his eyes where a woman was concerned, and he had transmitted these qualities to Eric and Emilius. My sympathy for Kristel was deepened by what I was gazing on; more than ever was I convinced of the justice of the revenge he took upon the brother who had betrayed him.

These were the thoughts which passed through my mind while Emilius and Martin Hartog's daughter stood conversing. Presently they strolled towards me, and I shrank back in fear of being discovered. This involuntary action on my part, being an accentuation of the meanness of which I was guilty, confirmed me in the resolution at which I had arrived to say nothing of my discovery to Dr. Louis.

They passed me in silence, walking in the direction of my house. I did not follow them, and did not return home for another hour.

CHAPTER XXIV.

How shall I describe the occurrences of this day, the most memorable and eventful in my life? A new life is open-

ing for me. I am overwhelmed at the happiness which is within my grasp. As I walked home from Doctor Louis's house through the darkness a spirit walked by my side, illumining the gloom and filling my heart with gladness.

At one o'clock I presented myself at Doctor Louis's house. He met me at the door, expecting me, and asked me to come with him to a little room he uses as a study. I followed him in silence. His face was serious, and but for its kindly expression I should have feared it was his intention to revoke the permission he had given me to speak to his daughter on this day of the deep, the inextinguishable love I bear for her. He motioned me to a chair, and I seated myself and waited for him to speak.

"This hour," he said, "is to me most solemn."

"And to me, sir," I responded.

"It should be," he said, "to you, perhaps, more than to me; but we are inclined ever to take the selfish view. I have been awake very nearly the whole of the night, and so has my wife. Our conversation — well, you can guess the object of it."

"Lauretta, sir."

"Yes, Lauretta, our only child, whom you are about to take from us." I trembled with joy, his words betokening a certainty that Lauretta loved me, an assurance I had yet to receive from her own sweet lips. "My wife and I," he continued, "have been living over again the life of our dear one, and the perfect happiness we have drawn from her. I am not ashamed to say that we have committed some weaknesses during these last few hours, weaknesses springing from our affection for our home rose. In the future some such experience may be yours, and then you will know — which now is hidden from you — what parents feel who are asked to give their one ewe lamb into the care of a stranger." I started. "There is no reason for alarm, Gabriel," he said, "because I have used a true word. Until a few short months ago you were really a stranger to us."

"That has not been against me, sir," I said, "and is not, I trust."

"There is no such thought in my mind, Gabriel. There is nothing against you except — except," he repeated, with a little pitiful smile, "that you are about to take from us our most precious possession. Until to-day our dear child was wholly and solely ours; and not only herself, but her past was ours, her past, which has been to us a garden of joy. Henceforth her

heart will be divided, and you will have the larger share. That is a great deal to think of, and we have thought of it, my wife and I, and talked of it nearly all the night. Certain treasures," he said, and again the pitiful smile came on his lips, "which in the eyes of other men and women are valueless, still are ours." He opened a drawer, and gazed with loving eyes upon its contents. "Such as a little pair of shoes, a flower or two, a lock of her bright hair."

"May I see it, sir?" I asked, profoundly touched by the loving accents of his voice.

"Surely," he replied, and he passed over to me a lock of golden hair, which I pressed to my lips. "The little head was once covered with these golden curls, and to us, her parents, they were as holy as they would have been on the head of an angel. She was all that to us, Gabriel. It is within the scope of human love to lift one's thoughts to heaven and God; it is within its scope to make one truly fit for the life to come. All things are not of the world worldly; it is a grievous error to think so, and only sceptics can so believe. In the kiss of baby lips, in the touch of little hands, in the myriad sweet ways of childhood, lie the breath of a pure religion which God receives because of its power to sanctify the lowest as well as the highest of human lives. It is good to think of that, and to feel that, in the holiest forms of humanity, the poor stand as high as the rich." He paused a while before he continued. "Gabriel, it is an idle phrase for a father holding the position towards you which I do at the present moment, to say he has no fears for the happiness of his only child."

"If you have any, sir," I said, "question me, and let me endeavor to set your mind at ease. In one respect I can do so with solemn earnestness. If it be my happy lot to win your daughter, her welfare, her honor, her peace of mind, shall be the care of my life. These assured, happiness should follow. I love Lauretta with a pure heart; no other woman has ever possessed my love; to no other woman have I been drawn; nor is it possible that I could be. She is to me part of my spiritual life. I am not as other men in the ordinary acceptance. In my childhood's life there was but little joy, and the common pleasures of childhood were not mine. From almost my earliest remembrances there was but little light in my parents' house, and in looking back upon it I can scarcely call it a home. The

fault was not mine, as you will admit. May I claim some small merit—not of my own purposed earning, but because it was in me, for which I may have reason to be grateful—from the fact that the circumstances of my early life did not corrupt me, did not drive me to a searching for low pleasures, and did not debase me? It seemed to me, sir, that I was ever seeking for something in the heights and not in the depths. Books and study were my comforters, and I derived real pleasures from them. They served to satisfy a want, and, although I contracted a melancholy mood, I was not unhappy. I know that this mood is in me, but when I think of Lauretta it is dispelled. I seem to hear the singing of birds, to see flowers around me, to bathe in sunshine. Perhaps it springs from the fervor of my love for her; but a kind of belief is mine that I have been drawn hither to her, that my way of life was measured to her heart. What more can I say, sir?"

"You have said much," said Doctor Louis, "to comfort and assure me, and have, without being asked, answered questions which were in my mind. Do you remember a conversation you had with my wife in the first days of your convalescence, commenced I think by you in saying that the happiest dream of your life was drawing to a close?"

"I was thinking of Lauretta. Even in those early days I felt that I loved her."

"I understand that now," said Doctor Louis. "My wife replied that life must not be dreamt away, that it has duties."

"I remember the conversation well, sir."

"My wife said that one's ease and pleasures are rewards, only enjoyable when they have been worthily earned; and when you asked, 'Earned in what way?' she answered, 'In accomplishing one's work in the world.'"

"Yes, sir, her words come back to me."

"There is something more," said Doctor Louis, with sad sweetness, "which I should not recall did I not hold duty before me as my chief beacon. Inclination and selfish desire must often be sacrificed for it. You will understand how sadly significant this is to me when I recall what followed. Though, to be sure," he added, in a slightly gayer tone, "we could visit you and our daughter, wherever your abode happened to be. Continuing your conversation with my wife, you said, 'How to discover what one's work really is, and where it should be properly performed?' My wife answered, 'In one's native land.'"

"Those were the words we spoke to one another, sir."

"It was my wife who recalled them to me, and I wish you—in the event of your hopes being realized—to bear them in mind. It would be painful to me to see you lead an idle life, and it would be injurious to you. This quiet village opens out no opportunities to you; it is too narrow, too confined. I have found my place here as an active worker, but I doubt if you would do so."

"There is plenty of time to think of it, sir."

"Plenty of time. And now, if you like, we will join my wife and daughter."

"Have you said anything to Lauretta, sir?"

"No. I thought it best, and so did her mother, that her heart should be left to speak for itself."

Lauretta's mother received me with tender, wistful solicitude, and I observed nothing in Lauretta to denote that she had been prepared for the declaration I had come to make. After lunch I proposed to Lauretta to go out into the garden, and she turned to her mother and asked if she would accompany us.

"No, my child," said the mother, "I have many things in the house to attend to."

So Lauretta and I went out alone.

It was a lovely day, and Lauretta had thrown a light lace scarf over her head. She was in gay spirits, not boisterous, for she is ever gentle, and she endeavored to entertain me with innocent prattle, to which I found it difficult to respond. In a little while this forced itself upon her observation, and she asked me if I was not well.

"I am quite well, Lauretta," I replied.

"Then something has annoyed you," she said.

No, I answered, nothing had annoyed me.

"But there *is* something," she said.

"Yes," I said, "there *is* something."

"Tell me," she said.

We were standing by a rosebush, and I plucked one absently, and absently plucked the leaves. She looked at me in silence for a moment or two and said, "This is the first time I have ever seen you destroy a flower."

"I was not thinking of it," I said; and was about to throw it away when an impulse, born purely of love for what was graceful and sweet, restrained me, and I put it into my pocket. In this the most impressive epoch in my life no sentiment

but that of tenderness could hold a place in my heart and mind.

"Well?" she said, still not suspecting. "Tell me."

"Lauretta," I said, taking her hand, which she left willingly in mine, "will you listen to the story of my life?"

"You have already told me much," she said.

"You have heard only a part," I said, and I gently urged her to a seat. "I wish you to know all; I wish you to know me as I really am."

"I know you as you really are," she said, and then a faint color came to her cheeks, and she trembled slightly, seeing a new meaning in my earnest glances.

"May I tell you? May I sit beside you?"

"Yes," she said, and gently withdrew her hand from mine.

I told her all, withholding only from her those mysterious promptings of my lonely hours which I knew would distress her, and to which I was convinced, with her as my companion through life, there would be forever an end. Of even those promptings I gave her some insight, but so toned down—for her sweet sake, not for mine—as to excite only her sympathy. Apart from this, I was at sincere pains that she should see my life as it had really been, a life stripped of the joys of childhood; a life stripped of the light of home; a life dependent upon itself for comfort and support. Then, unconsciously, and out of the suffering of my soul—for as I spoke it seemed to me that a cruel wrong had been perpetrated upon me in the past—I contrasted the young life I had been condemned to live with that of a child who was blessed with parents whose hearts were animated by a love the evidences of which would endure all through his after life as a sweet and purifying influence. The tears ran down her cheeks as I dwelt upon this part of my story. Then I spoke of the happy chance which had conducted me to her home, and of the happiness I had experienced in my association with her and hers.

"Whatever fate may be mine," I said, "I shall never reflect upon these experiences, I shall never think of your dear parents, without gratitude and affection. Lauretta, it is with their permission I am here now by your side. It is with their permission that I am opening my heart to you. They know we are here together. I love you, Lauretta, and if you will bless me with your love, and place your hand in mine, all my life shall be devoted to your

happiness. You can bring a blessing into my days; I will strive to bring a blessing into yours."

My arm stole round her waist; her head drooped to his shoulder, so that her face was hidden from my ardent gaze; the hand I clasped was not withdrawn.

"Lauretta," I whispered, "say, 'I love you, Gabriel.'"

"I love you, Gabriel," she whispered; and heaven itself opened out to me.

Half an hour later we went in to her mother, and the noble woman held out her arms to her daughter. As the maiden nestled to her breast, she said, holding out a hand to me, which I reverently kissed, "God in his mercy keep guard over you! His blessing be upon you both!"

These are my last written words in the record I have kept. From this day I commence a new life.

From The Fortnightly Review.
VALENTINE VISCONTI.
IN TWO PARTS. — PART II.

IV.

THE king was mad again; he had fallen into the first of innumerable relapses. Henceforth, for thirty years, any moment of too poignant feeling would throw him back in agony and madness. At such times he suffered much. It would happen (says the Monk of St. Denis), that as he sat in his council chamber, receiving his ambassadors and discoursing with sense and clearness, a sudden shudder would pass over him, the actual world would drift into oblivion. Again the forest near Mans, the leper's warning, would rise on his tormented vision. He would shriek out for help against his enemies, and yet, poor king, be still aware these enemies were phantasms. At such moments he would cry and wail and sob, till all the court fell a-weeping to hear him. "O not madness! Death, any pain, anything but madness," and joining his hands, he would look eagerly in face after face of his kinsmen. "I pray you, for the love of Christ, if any of you be party to this magic, then let me die at once and end it." But no prayers avail, and as the fantastic world of lunacy gradually eclipsed the receding truth, the king's last entreaty showed the unaltered sweetness of his tormented nature. "Keep away all the knives," he would cry. "I had rather die than hurt any one." For no lapse of time, no suffer-

ing, effaced in his gentle character the stamp of that terrible moment of Mans when he had awoken to find his innocent hands stained henceforth forever with innocent and loyal blood.

While the king wailed in desperate protest against his oncoming madness, all the court wept with him. But, once that eclipse accomplished, the court forgot the king. Part of the royal Palace of St. Paul's had been turned into a safe asylum. There the king lived, sometimes for many weeks unwashed, eaten with filth and vermin, suffering no attendant to approach him. He was then a mere wild beast, tormented with canine hunger, fierce, suspicious, and sometimes wild with fear. Then he would pace from end to end of his apartments, fleeing his imaginary pursuers, until he dropped exhausted in senseless lethargy.

But more often, and especially in the first years of his illness, he was not sunk so low as this. He was then an aimless, laughing, boyish imbecile. He was no longer the king even in his own fancy; he had forgotten himself as others had forgotten him. Did he see his own arms or the queen's emblazoned anywhere upon the walls, he would smear out that heraldry, laughing the while and dancing in a burlesque unseemly fashion. "These are not my arms. I am not King Charles. My name is George," he would cry, "and my arms are a lion pierced with a spear." The poor king was himself transfixed with that intangible spear his fair brother of Orleans had planted in his heart forever. But in his madness, his jealousy had undergone a subtle change. Sometimes he could not endure the sight or mention of the queen and Orleans, but more often he utterly forgot them. Once they brought Isabel into his presence. He shook his head and swore he did not know the lady.

There was in all the world one only creature whose presence shed a little balm and solace on his unhappy lunacy. This was his sister-in-law, Madame Valentine. She was the only person he ever fully recognized. Absent and present he called upon her, "Oh, my dearest sister! Oh, my beloved sister!" and if Valentine left him a single day unvisited, the poor king would wander up and down for hours in aimless regret and complaining.

Valentine was kind and pitiful. Although at this time she was ailing (her second son was born in August, 1393), she did not fear to bring her delicate magnificence into the filth and peril of the mad king's presence. For hours she would sit

with him, playing at cards; those painted Saracen Naibi which Covelluzzo noticed at Viterbo (the first known in Europe) in 1379. Perhaps Valentine had brought them out of Italy; they were the only pastime of the haggard king, and for hours the painted images of Death, Love, Fortune, Madness, and the Angel, would silently fall from the hands of these two unhappy people; keeping each other melancholy company in the dismantled chambers of this barred and altered palace.

Valentine was ill herself; she was a woman; and yet she was not afraid of this tall, broad-shouldered young man of twenty-five, subject to violent mania, who in one fearful paroxysm had slain four men in armor. His attendants dared not come too near. But Valentine seemed to bear a charmed life; she did not even tremble. This unnatural courage of hers, this fascination, this mastery which she exercised upon their king—all this was terribly explicable to the people of Paris.

Who was this lady—Valentine of Milan? "Now," says Juvenal, "her father was the Duke of Milan,* who was a Lombard, and in his country they practise magic and the casting of spells." "The common people," says the monk, "declared the king was bewitched. They accused the Duke of Milan, and in confirmation of this ridiculous proposition they said the Duchess of Orleans was the only person the king recognized or cherished in his sickness. They did not scruple to say she was a witch, though that so generous a lady should commit so great a crime is a fact that never has been proved." "The king's physicians, arioles, and charmers," says Froissart, "affirmed the king was poisoned or bewitched by craft of sorcery; they said they knew it by the spirits that had showed it to them. Of these diviners, arioles, and charmers, certain were burned at Paris and at Avignon. They spake so much, and said the Duchess Valentine of Orleans, daughter to the Duke of Milan, had bewitched the king."

In those days the accusation of sorcery was terrible and ominous. To bewitch the king was the most damnable of crimes, for witchcraft in itself was treason against God. It was indeed no less than taking

out of heaven the tremendous issues of life and death, apportioning them with profane and mortal hands, and breaking the heavenly order of the universe. God was mocked. This side of sorcery excited the horror of theologians, but it was not this that infuriated with helpless terror the shuddering populace. We know how the Polynesian Islanders will die to-day of a fatal languor if they believe their enemy has prayed against them. The citizens of Paris in the Middle Ages died as easily. "Throughout the kingdom," says the Monk of St. Denis, "many nobles and poor people are attacked with the same strange malady as the king's." A contagion of fear paralyzed the sources of life. "For they can bewitch you," said, in 1407, Maître Jean Petit, a very learned doctor in theology; "and they can bewitch the king, and make him die in a very subtle manner, quite unapparent, by the casting of a spell." "A word is enough," said two Augustin friars who suffered for sorcery in 1397, "a word, a touch; it is no natural malady." To those who suffered, and saw their near and dear ones suffer of this incurable, inexorable enchantment, there was no death too cruel for the wizard.

The Duke of Milan was a very powerful magician. By spells and sorcery he, the weakest of his clan, had made himself the most astute and potent of the princes of the West; by spells and sorcery he would make his daughter queen of France. "Il n'y avait qu'une bouche à clore," said Jean Petit. Valentine, the people thought, was helping her father, for the Duchess of Orleans was a witch.

The powers of the prince of the air were in high places. Valentine was not only protected by Satan, not only served by Hermas and Astramin, the two livid demons of Montjoy that obeyed the house of Orleans, she was also sheltered by the effulgence of the throne. Every power, every protection was hers. Hell and earth obeyed her, and heaven smiles upon the sins of princes. Yet with the cruel heroism of pity the people of Paris rose against her, pouring down the streets, reaching out their fanatic hands to tear in pieces no omnipotent demon in a violent aureole of flame, but a pale, neglected, foreign woman far from home. They determined to save the king, and at last the peril of the duchess grew so great that Marshal Sancerre and many other nobles advised her husband to send her out of Paris. So in great pomp, nowise abashed, but with all the splendor of a royal progress, Val-

* Giangaleazzo in 1395 bought the title and investiture of the duchy of Milan from Wenzel, king of the Romans, for one hundred thousand florins. I may here state that the florin, the ducat, and the golden franc of France were worth about 92. 100. of our money. In the *Archivio Storico Italiano* for the 1st January, 1887, a very learned passage on this subject, by Cav. C. Desimoni, will be interesting to all students of the past in its minor actualities.

entine left the city. She went to a fair castle of her husband's near Pontoise, and then to Neufchatel upon the Loire. She went alone, for Orleans was kept by State affairs in Paris. There was a subtle political reason for the irritation of France against the Milanese. In the complex recesses of the human heart an actual terror of supernatural evil, a crusader's passion to avenge the honor of God, may co-exist with the most sordid calculations of a worldly advantage to be gained. It was not only for the love of God that the Jews and Moors of Spain, the Protestants of Flanders, the monasteries of England, were made to enrich their persecutors. It was not entirely for thirty pieces of silver that Judas delivered a heretic to the secular arm. And it was the easier to condemn the Duke of Milan that he was not only a wizard, but the political rival of France for the rich suzerainty of Genoa.

Already Giangaleazzo Visconti must have regretted his gift of Asti. In 1394 only the sudden death of Clement prevented Orleans from acquiring a kingdom in Italy; in the same year the people of Savona had placed themselves under his direct protection; and twice over Florence had craved the help of France. At first Charles VI. had refused to cross the plans of Visconti in Italy; but in 1395 the Visconti were discredited in Paris, and when Genoa, in terror of the Lombard conqueror, sent to France and offered to place herself under the protection and suzerainty of Charles VI., the king not only graciously promised to shelter her, but made league with the Florentines against Milan.

As a fact, with Asti, with Savona, and now with Genoa for her subjects, France was the greatest rival Giangaleazzo found in Italy. He professed himself aghast at the conduct of his ally. He did his utmost to discontent the Genoese with France, and managed so well that the French envoys left the town disgusted; but scarcely had they gone when the Genoese, suddenly perceiving the triumph of the Visconti, sent post-haste to Asti and besought the French governor there to come at once and take possession of their city. And so began the rule of the French in Genoa.

All these machinations of Milan served to exasperate the French. And the indignity and insult offered to Valentine were as great a cause of irritation to Visconti. He and his daughter, with their Lombard indifference to superstition, could have nothing but contempt for the

panic of the French. "Et l'une des plus dolentes et cour roucées qui y fust, c'estoit la Duchesse d'Orleans," writes Juvenal des Ursins. Twice or thrice the Duke of Milan sent his ambassadors to the king of France, offering to find a knight to fight at outrance with any man who would accuse Madame Valentine of any treason. So sore and angry were the father and the brother-in-law of Valentine that there was a talk of a Milanese invasion. Great counter preparations were made in France. The king, being in good health then, was at Boulogne celebrating the marriage of his daughter Isabel, a child of seven, to Richard II. of England, a man some years older than himself. Richard was very bitter against Milan. He offered to send an English contingent to the field of battle. He warned the king again and again against the spells and sorceries of Lombardy; and he produced so strong an impression upon the enfeebled mind of Charles, that on the 29th of October, as the two kings were sitting together at dinner, the king of France perceiving among the heralds one with the serpent of Milan on his shield, had him stripped of his arms, menaced with death, and chased out of the royal presence. The Duke of Milan, as I have said, retaliated with the famous investiture of 1396,* which excludes the children of Valentine of Orleans from the succession to Milan. With things at this pitch of hostility, war seemed imminent, and the route was made out for the invasion of Lombardy. But that war never took place. "And that journey," says Froissart, "took none effect; for the discomfiture of the battle before Nicopolis in Turkey, and the death and taking of the Lords of France. And also they saw well that the Duke of Milan was in favor with

* I have been told that in my last paper I did not make this matter sufficiently clear. I hope, owing to the kind permission of Canon Creighton, to try to explain it in the *Historical Review*. Briefly, in 1396 three young brothers stood between Valentine and the succession to Milan. On the 31st August, 1395, in the treaty between France and Milan (Lüning), Giangaleazzo distinctly speaks of his eldest legitimate son as "*héritier en nostre principale seigneurie*." In 1395, 5 September, Giangaleazzo received Milan from the emperor as a hereditary duchy to him and *sui heredes*. *Sui heredes* included daughters, in some fiefs and at this date (see Windscheid), the masculine pronoun including the weaker gender. In 1396 there was every possibility of war between France and Milan. Giangaleazzo procured a second investiture (Muratori xvi. Ann. Med.), distinctly confining the succession to male heirs. But in 1396 news came to Paris of the battle of Nicopolis. This secured an immediate *rapprochement* with Milan as the one power capable of mediating with Turkey. And on 30th March, 1397 (Dumont II. clixix.), he obtained a third investiture for *descendentes et successeurs*. It remains to be seen whether this was enough to constitute, for the sons of Valentine, a valid claim to the Milanese succession.

the great Turk, Lamorabaquy; wherefore they durst not displease him, so let him alone." It became immediately necessary to make peace with Milan,* the one power in Europe that could mediate with Turkey. The king, Burgundy, Orleans, the sultan, caused a continual come and go of negotiators in Milan. Visconti took his position of peacemaker in good part. In March, 1397, he procured a third investiture. The talk of magic was hushed for a while, and Valentine returned in peace to court.

Actual war with Milan was averted; but the rumors against the king's brother continued still in France.

On the 24th of March, 1403, Ives Gilleme, a priest; Demoiselle Marie de Blansy, Perrin Hémer, a locksmith, and Guillaume Floret, a clerk, were publicly burned for sorcery. And still the king was mad. Were those who bewitched him, the head of the State, to keep their immunity? There was such a crime as witchcraft, and people legally suffered for it. The king was bewitched: who was the wizard?

To this incessant question Burgundy ever helped to point the answer. Who was the person who profited most by the sickness of the king?

The Duke of Orleans had become very powerful. This young man in 1385 possessed an income of only 13,000 francs a year, about £6,000 of our modern money; ten years later he was Duke of Orleans (1391), Count of Valois and Count of Beaumont (1386), Count of Asti and Count of Vertus (1387), Count of Soissons (1391), Count of Blois (1391), Count of Dreux, Count of Angoulême (1394). In 1394 he was very nearly king of Adria. He was Count of Perigord in 1398. He was Seigneur of Savona (1394), Seigneur of Coucy (1391); he possessed both lands and castles in Hainault, at Pierrefonds, and at Ferté Millon (1392). The duchy of Luxembourg (1402), the duchy of Aquitaine (1407), lay immediately before him.

The princes of Europe appealed to the Duke of Orleans as to an independent sovereign. Savona, as we have seen, threw herself on his protection, in preference to that of Charles. The Duke of Guelders concluded a separate alliance with him (1401). The king of the Romans offered him for his son the heiress of Bohemia, Hungary, and Poland (1397). Henry of Lancaster, an exile in Paris (1399), paid to him more court than to the king of France.

And in 1405 the Venetians sent two secret ambassadors to Orleans, who in return despatched a certain Pierre de Scrovignes with private despatches to the Signory of Venice.* Since 1401 the Venetians had never sent a message to the king. *Burgundy feared that Orleans would induce the new anti-pope at Avignon to depose Charles VI. in his own favor.*

There is no evidence, and yet the suspicions of Burgundy may not impossibly have been correct. In 1400 the Germans deposed their drunken Wenzel, in 1398 the English had deposed their incapable Richard. Why should not France depose a king continually lapsing into madness? In the year 1399 the king had six relapses. Orleans may have been no less ambitious than his sworn friend and brother, Henry of Lancaster, who had so lately conquered for himself the throne of England.

V.

ORLEANS and Burgundy turn by turn usurped the regency. But the authority of the queen, the influence of Valentine, was with Orleans. The young Duke of Burgundy had no woman to work for him; it was even rumored that the portrait of his own wife hung in that locked chamber where Orleans kept the pictures of his mistresses. But Burgundy did not need any feminine advocate. He was young, he was rich. In 1404 his father's death bequeathed him Burgundy, next year his mother died and left him Flanders. A small, ugly man, alert, blunt, brutal even, serving public interests to reach his own ends, Jean-sans-Peur of Burgundy was the hero of the people.

The people groaned under the tyranny of Orleans. *Jugum intolerabile plebis.* And Orleans, sceptical and embittered, had no respect and no pity for the ignorant populace that reviled him, that menaced his virtuous wife, that mocked the death of his little child with cruel and insulting calumnies. The people to him were odious, or indifferent at best; a cup to drain, a fruit to squeeze and throw away the rind. In 1403 he laid upon them an impost of three hundred thousand crowns. Out of this he builded for himself two famous castles, Pierrefonds and Ferté Millon, beautiful as the towers of heaven in a picture by Van Eyck.

In 1407, not content, he levied a new tax. The money thus gained enriched

* Delaville Le Roux. *La France en Orient*, I. 290-304.

* I hope soon to publish these and other documents from the Venetian Archives concerning the secret negotiations of the house of Orleans with Venice. (Secreta, Reg. 2, p. 82.)

the State far less than him, and great personages accused him and the queen of leaving no single florin to rattle in the empty treasury. When Orleans suggested the new impost, Jean-sans-Peur opposed him in the royal council: "I ask pity of the poor people. It is tyranny to aggravate their intolerable yoke." Jean-sans-Peur declared that, in *his* domains at least, the impost should not be collected; rather would he forfeit the entire amount himself. Struck by this generosity, the young Duke of Brittany volunteered to postpone his wife's dowry until the treasury were full again.

The tax was levied all the same. It was a war levy, and really necessary. Every man and woman in France was mulcted according to the value of his goods. In this way a vast sum was raised—twenty-seven millions. It was lodged in a tower of the Louvre. One night, when the town was quiet, Orleans, with a band of armed men, entered this tower and carried off at least two-thirds of the treasure.

When the people heard of it—the people who (the Monk assures us) had sold the straw of their beds to pay the levy—they prayed publicly in every town and hamlet: "Jesus Christ in heaven, send thou some one to deliver us from Orleans!"

Orleans smiled no less bitterly than when he had heard the public whisper accuse him of sorcery and devil-worship. He proclaimed that whosoever did not pay the taxes should be cast into prison; to prevent assassination, no man was to carry another knife than he used for his eating; a fourth of the provisions of the royal household was to be supplied daily, without payment, by the people of Paris. These provisions, as the people knew very well, did not go to feed or clothe their beloved king. He, in his palace, was as poor, as suffering as themselves. The dauphin was no richer; "in penury and want," says the Monk, "if such words may be used for so great a personage." The insatiable Orleans, the avid little queen, grasped and kept everything. "Jesus Christ in heaven," prayed the people, "send some one to deliver us from the Duke of Orleans."

Orleans should have listened. The air was full of warnings to tyrants. Richard and Wenzel had fallen miserably. The Duke of Milan had died of the plague; in six months his vast kingdom had fallen into ruins. Tyranny, at best, is a personal accident—a possession, not an in-

heritance. Was it worth while? The king himself added to the list of these monitions. In August, 1404, he married his eldest son to Burgundy's daughter, his daughter to the son of Burgundy.

In the year 1405, on Ascension day, the people found a voice. An Augustine monk, Jacques Legrand, preached then before the court. The queen, Valentine, and Orleans were present, but not the king. "O queen! O duke!" said the monk, "you are the curse and derision of your people. Do you not believe me? Go into the streets and hear them!"

"*Tua curia, Domina Venus solium occupans*, thy court, O queen! where Lady Venus fills the throne, thy court, by day and night, is the scene of debauch and drunkenness. Dissolute dances do honor to the goddess. Frequent bathing enervates your bodies. Fringes to your sleeves, and long sleeves to your garments; yet are ye clothed upon with the sighs and tears of the poorest of your people. Your hearts are corrupt and your minds are all unmoved; *Domina Venus solium occupat*."

There was a flutter of indignation in the court. The monk's sermon was reported to the king, but to the surprise of all, Charles answered that he was glad of it. On Whitsunday Legrand was commanded to preach again, and in the royal presence. The monk repeated his sermon, but with larger reference to a certain noble duke, "once good and dear, but hated now for his oppression and his vice." The king left his chair and sat down face to face with the monk, listening earnestly, with who can tell what cruel suspicions, what resolutions for inquiry and reform, in his dim and altered mind. When the sermon was over, the king spoke to Legrand for some moments. He thanked him earnestly.

Charles was deeply impressed with the words of the Augustine friar. Struggling against continual relapses, he made a brave effort to do the best he could for his disordered kingdom. When Orleans asked for the government of Normandy, for the first time he was refused. Another day the poor king called the dauphin to him. "How long, my lad, is it since your mother kissed you?"

"Three months," the boy replied.

The king was much affected. His children were evidently pinched, neglected, uncared for. He called the boy's nurse to him, and gave her a gold cup. "Look after my son when I am ill. If God grant me life I will reward you later."

This was in July, 1405. Burgundy was absent on his own estates. The king wrote to him, and implored him to return to Paris.

Orleans and the queen were at St. Germain. They paid no heed to any warning. On the 13th July there was a fearful storm; torrents of rain, eddies of wind. The queen and Orleans were riding in the forest when they were overtaken by the tempest. The duke took refuge in the queen's litter, but the frightened horses nearly drowned them in the Seine. The people declared it was the judgment of heaven upon tyrants, and Orleans himself appeared impressed. He sent a herald to Paris, and proclaimed that whosoever of his creditors should come on Sunday next to the Hôtel de Bohême should have his debt discharged in full. On Sunday the halls and anterooms of the ducal palace were crowded with eager burghers. Many, tired and anxious, had travelled from the provinces. The duke's stewards laughed in their face and shut the doors. This was the final touch to the exasperation of the people.

All this while Jean-sans-Peur was travelling to Paris. He came at the head of six thousand men-at-arms. The king was mad again, and could not defend him; but the queen and Orleans feared an insurrection in Burgundy's favor. They decided to flee secretly away into Luxembourg with the royal children. Valentine was with them; and they had got as far as Pouilly when the troops of Burgundy suddenly surrounded the litter of the dauphin, some hours' journey to the rear. The boy was delighted; he embraced his father-in-law, and was carried in triumph back to Paris. Isabel, with Valentine and Orleans, fled to the Castle of Melun. Civil war seemed imminent; but when the two armies were actually in the field, peace was arranged, and on the 15th October the queen and Orleans re-entered Paris.

Orleans had learned nothing by his lesson. He was more than ever arrogant, more than ever secure in his tyranny. Early in the next year his young son Charles was married to the king's daughter Isabel, the widowed queen of England, a girl of sixteen. In the first months of 1407 the king gave his brother the rich duchy of Aquitaine. Orleans began to think again of the governorship of Normandy. He was richer and stronger than the king.

And yet, if Valentine, if Orleans, had really read the future as the people thought they did, or had they even cared to read

the present, they might well have paused. In that age the fate of tyrants was not prosperous. The king of England was a leper. The king of France was mad. The little Duke of Milan was mad also, with a furious Italian hemomania. The king of Scotland was a prisoner in the hands of his enemies. There were two popes, things for scorn and laughter, held in derision of all nations, and a song to the people all day long.

Already, in 1380, Miles de Dormans, chancellor of France, had declared, "A government has no force save in the obedience of the people, for kings only rule by the suffrage of their subjects: *Nam et si centies negent, reges regnant suffragio populorum.*"

The judgment of heaven, the liberties of man, seemed to conspire alike against the rule of tyrants.

VI.

ONE Wednesday evening—it was St. Clement's day, the 23rd of November, 1407—Orleans was supping with the queen. Isabel was ill and dispirited. Ten days ago her new-born baby had died at its birth, and she sorrowed for this child and loved it as she had never loved her other children. Isabel was away from her husband in her new Hôtel de Montaigu, near the Porte Barbette. It was here that Orleans came every day to see her, and here they "supped right joyously together," says the Monk of St. Denis. Orleans had been ill all autumn at his Castle of Beauté, and had only recently come back to Paris. Valentine, with her four children and the princess Isabel, was still in the country.

As these two persons, both ill, both weary, forgot their troubles for a while in each other's company, a page came to the door with a feigned message; the king earnestly beseeched his brother to come and see him at the Palace of St. Paul. Orleans arose at once and left the queen. He had at least six hundred men of his own lodged that day in Paris, as Monstrelet informs us. Orleans, however, took none of them with him. He leaped on his mule and rode away with two squires on horseback at his side. Two or three footmen with torches ran after him. No gentleman could go more simply than the king's brother in his plain suit of black damask, riding with no more than five attendants, quickly and gaily down the frosty street. It was the coldest winter ever known, and muffled in their cloaks the little party rode briskly ahead, looking

neither to the right nor left. Orleans was singing softly to himself and playing with one of his gloves. He feared no enemies. Last Sunday he had taken the Sacrament with Burgundy, and yesterday they two had dined together.

It was eight o'clock. All was dark and silent in the Rue Vieille du Temple, then an outlying and quiet district. Orleans and his two squires rode along so fast that the runners with the torches were left some way behind. At last they came to a wider place in the street, where there was a well. As the three horsemen passed the Hôtel de l'Image de Notre-Dame, seventeen or eighteen men sprang suddenly out of the shadow of the house. One with an axe chopped off the bridle hand of Orleans. The king's brother gave a cry of surprise and pain. I am the Duke of Orleans." "It is he we seek."

In another moment the duke was beaten off his mule on to the frozen paving-stones. Seventeen axes were aimed at him; blow after blow fell heavily; his head was cloven, his brains gushed out into the street. His servants had all fled and left him there, save one of his squires who had been his page (a German, says Monstrelet, a Fleming, says the Monk), who, more constant than Orleans's compatriots, flung himself upon the body of his master, and was pierced and slaughtered there. When both were murdered the assassins dragged the body of Orleans across the street, propped it up against a heap of mud that was standing frozen there, and lighting a torch of straw they looked to see if he were really dead. At that moment a man with a scarlet hood drawn well over his face, came out of the house opposite, and struck the dead body with his club. "Put out the light. He's dead. Let us go." The eighteen assassins rode away in great merriment, sowing caltrops after them; but before they left they set fire to the house where, for the last fortnight, Jean-sans-Peur had kept them hidden. The flames of the burning Hôtel de l'Image streamed up through the darkness of the night, awakening the city, and shedding a strange light on the murdered body of Orleans, still propped up in a sitting posture, his wounded head hanging on one side. A little distance off, on the stones of the street, lay the page, dead in his faithful youth, with at his side a white hand severed from the wrist. Close by there lay a fallen glove.

There was wailing and mourning in the house of Orleans, grief and horror in the

house of the king. The deed was soon known, though as yet it was only surmised that one Raoul d'Actonville, a dismissed steward, had wreaked in this ghastly fashion his spite against his master. The next day the royal princes, all in black, with a great multitude of the people of Paris, brought the murdered duke to the Church of St. Guillaume, close at hand. He who had ever loved the good through all his wickedness, lay now among the watching friars, who sang psalms and repeated vigils day and night for his soul; there he lay until they took him to be buried in his own chapel of the Celestines, which is called the Blancs-Manteaux to-day. The people followed him with torches, remembering only his gay and gracious qualities, his capricious generosity, his gentle raillery, his rhetoric and eloquence, how he had loved learning, and that he had often lived as a monk for days among the Celestines. All Paris wept, those also who had prayed Jesus Christ in heaven to deliver them from Orleans; even Burgundy went in the funeral procession all in black, weeping also. But when the funeral was over Jean-sans-Peur took Berri and the king of Sicily aside: "I had it done. I slew him. It was an inspiration of the demon's."

VII.

THERE were two women, who were not at the burial, to whom the death of Orleans came nearer than to any mourner there. When Isabel heard that Burgundy had slain her lover she went in terror of her life. Ill as she was she had herself carried in a litter to St. Paul's, taking shelter there in the arms of her mad husband, and so soon as she was fit for travel the poor, light, beautiful little queen went out of Paris, far away from Burgundy, far too from that maimed and slaughtered body lying in the chapel of the Celestines. Terrified, indifferent, she could think of nothing but her own imaginary danger.

The mistress and the wife took the matter in a very different spirit. At first, in her transports of sorrow, Valentine could not act. She tore out her hair and shred her garments; she sobbed so much that for weeks afterwards her voice was hoarse. But when the first paroxysm was over her strong Italian character centred itself upon one fixed idea—justice, vengeance for her murdered husband. Valentine had no thought of her own safety. She sent her two elder sons and her girl into Blois, and then, with the princess

Isabel and little John, her youngest child, on either hand, the Duchess of Orleans set out from Château-Thierry for Paris.

Travelling was slow that terrible winter. It was not till the 10th of December that Valentine entered the capital. She, her children, her servants, were all dressed very plainly and roughly, and, of course, in black. The king of Sicily and the Duke of Berri came out to meet them. When they reached the palace Valentine threw herself upon her knees before the king, demanding justice. The poor Charles (*assez subtil pour lors*) raised her up and kissed her, while they both wept together. He promised strict justice upon Burgundy. Again, ten days later, he declared, "What is done to my only brother is done to me." Valentine and her children, satisfied of vengeance, retired to their great hotel in the Marais.

The king fell ill again so soon as Valentine had left him. "They say . . . but I affirm nothing," suggests the monk. Valentine the witch stayed on, however, among the people who had murdered her husband. One thing that we learn of Valentine at this moment shows us how profound, how selfless, was her love of Orleans. She sought out his bastard, the little Dunois, the son of Mariette de Canny, and brought him up with her own children. It even seemed as though she loved him more than the others. Glancing from the poetic Charles, the delicate Philip, the boy John, to his determined and eager little face, she exclaimed, "None of your brothers is more fit than you to avenge your father. Nature has cheated me of you!"

To avenge your father! This had become the unique preoccupation of Valentine. But that promised vengeance tarried long. On the 8th of March a learned doctor of theology, the chosen advocate of Burgundy, a certain Maître Jean Petit, excused the murder of Orleans before the king. "*Il est licite d'occire un tyran.*"

It was not only of tyranny that the Burgundians accused their victim. The tremendous accusation of Jean Petit (which every student of the past has read in Monstrelet) enumerates attempted regicide, and secret poisoning, sorcery, necromancy, charms, incantations. "Sorcery, high treason against God, and regicide, high treason against the king. There is also tyranny," says Maître Jean Petit. It was of course for this third cause, treason against the people, that Orleans's murder was condoned in Paris.

For the people never hid their support of Jean-sans-Peur. Those who had wept at the funeral of Orleans were ready now to cry again the cry of Burgundy. The king, whose mind was again overcast, although he was not actually mad, the king himself on the 9th of April, 1408, signed letters patent granting pardon to Jean-sans-Peur. "Our very dear and well-beloved cousin of Burgundy, *who for the public good and out of faith and loyalty to us, has caused to be put out of this world our said brother of Orleans.*" This was the last insult to his memory. Valentine would not brook it; she rallied to the charge. Though she herself had been seriously implicated in the tissue of villainy which his murderers had woven about the memory of her husband, Valentine had no thoughts to spare for her own safety. All through July and August she kept agitating against Burgundy. Bringing her children with her she sought the king and cried on her knees for justice. Twenty years' exile for Burgundy! Her two advocates, Sérisi and Cousinet, pleaded eloquently for her; refuting the vile accusations of poison and sorcery with a candor, a logic, a fine and modern spirit worthy of the intellect of the dead man they defended. It was all no use. "The Parisians," says Monstrelet, "loved so well this Duke of Burgundy; because they believed that if he undertook the government, he would put down throughout the kingdom all salt-taxes, imposts, dues, and subsidies which were to the prejudice of the people." Though nearly all the royal princes were openly on the side of Valentine, the king did not *dare* avenge his brother. The court was impotent against the people.

In the early autumn Valentine left Paris. Life was over for her. "Rien ne m'est plus. Plus ne m'est rien," ran her melancholy motto. Anger and bereavement and hopeless sorrow had worn her to a shadow. She took the little Dunois with her children to the Castle of Blois. There were four of them, Charles, who should be the father of King Louis XII., and little John, the grandfather of Francis I.; Philip, Count of Vertus, and Margaret, in later years the grandmother of Anne of Brittany. These children, three of whom should be the grandparents or great-grandparents of Henri II.,* Valentine cease-

* In 1463 Charles, John, and Margaret's son sent a secret embassy to Venice, entreating the Signory to aid them in recovering from the unjust hands of Count

lessly instructed. All her contemporaries bear witness to her untiring vigilance over them. "They are marvellously good, and well instructed for their years," says Monstrelet: "Moult notablement conduits et indoctrinés." But there was one lesson, dearer than the others, that Valentine perpetually taught her sons. "Avenge your father," she continually cried. They proved her teaching twelve years later at the bridge of Montereau.

These children, so different in character and destiny, one the sweet poet of love and captivity, one (hers in affection only) the heroic restorer of his country, were the dearer to their mother that she felt she had not long to love them. Valentine was dying of a broken heart, "of anger and mourning," writes Juvenal; "of anger and impotent vengeance," says Monstrelet. Her eyes were quite dim with useless tears, and still she resented the very grief that drained her life; for she did not want to leave her little children and her unaccomplished task. "It was pitiful," says Juvenal, "before she died to hearken to her regrets and her complaints, so piteously she regretted her children, and a bastard, called John, whom she could not suffer out of her sight, saying none of her children was fitter to avenge their father." "Since the tragic end of her husband," says the Monk, "this duchess spent her days in tears, and many say the bitterness of her heart induced that unhealthy languor of which she died."

This was in November. Upon St. Clement's day, upon that heart-sickening anniversary of her husband's murder, Jean-sans-Peur rode into Paris. It was a triumph. As he passed, the people and their little children cried, "Noel, noel au bon duc."

It was near a week before the news came down to Blois. When she heard it, Valentine felt that all was over. No vengeance was possible. On the 4th of December the unhappy woman died, with her last breath entreating her little children never to forget their father's murder. But these children were only children, and they were orphans. The death of Valentine seemed to secure the triumph of her enemy. Jean-sans-Peur did not seek to hide his rejoicing: "Car icelle duchesse continuoît moult asprement et diligemment sa poursuite." But already retribution at her grindstone was sharpening the fatal battle-axe of Montereau.

A. MARY F. ROBINSON.

Francesco Sforza their rightful inheritance of Milan. MSS. Venetian Archives, Secreta. Reg. 21, fogl. 21.

From Chambers' Journal.

RICHARD CABLE,

THE LIGHTSHIPMAN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MEHALAH," "JOHN HERRING,"
"COURT ROYAL," ETC.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE TANGLE.

THE Cornellis family settled into the Hall, as if they had no intention of leaving it. At all events, neither Mr. Cornellis nor his sister bestirred themselves to find other quarters. Mr. Gotham did not care. So long as he was allowed to move about, and was flattered by Justin Cornellis, and was undisturbed in his study, he was content. Cornellis had made himself indispensable to him, and Gabriel clung to him. It was in his nature to cling, and just now his grapple of the ex-missionary was tenacious, and to another man would have been embarrassing. But Cornellis understood Gotham, or thought he did, and believed that by humoring his vanity and sloth, and by not standing in the way of his pleasures, he could twist him about to suit his own purposes. Mr. Gotham now did, what he had said he had done, execute a will in his favor, leaving him his entire estate; making him executor and residuary legatee as well; but he gave him his private instructions, which he had made the ex-missionary solemnly promise to execute. It was in keeping with the miserable vanity of the man that he could not endure the prospect that even after death his conduct should be known; that people should be able to point to Bessie as his wife, whom he had basely deserted, after having deceived her; and to Richard, the lighthouseman, the vulgar sailor, as his son. He was conscious that he had behaved dishonorably, and he shrank from being found out, and having his cowardly action published, to be commented on by the world.

The destruction of Rose Cottage was complete. Nothing worth preservation remained. It had been cheaply built, the walls thin, and when the floors and roof fell in, the gray brick flanks collapsed as well. All that remained of it intact was the green boarded summer-house in the garden.

The agent of the insurance office came to Hanford and inspected the ruins. Mr. Cornellis showed him over the fallen walls, the charred beams, the trampled garden. He was frank. There had been a dinner-party that night. The servants had been hard-worked, and possibly there had been

some neglect. Servants are careless. He confessed that he ought to have gone round the house that night after all had retired, and seen that the fires were extinguished and the house locked up. He had not done so, having a sick headache. His daughter had roused him about two o'clock—he could not tell the hour exactly, he had been too bewildered to look at his watch. When he came out on the stairhead, he saw that the staircase was on fire and flames rushing from the kitchen. He had spoken several times to the cook about putting the wood for the kindling of the fires in the oven and on the hot plate. He had forbidden it; but servants are not always obedient any more than they are prudent. As far as he was able to judge, the fire had originated in the kitchen, communicated with the pantry, where the paraffin oil was kept for the lamps, also a can of benzoline. When the oils had become ignited, such a volume of flame gushed forth that the stairs caught fire. This he suspected was the explanation of the conflagration; but he was in too great alarm and excitement when roused to take accurate observation; moreover, he had the women to look after and save. Every day, he felt more keenly his loss of a wife who would have kept the maids in order. A man cannot do that effectually, and a young girl like his daughter had not grown into the part of housekeeper. With great candor, he told the agent that it was after a disturbance with his maids relative to their reading novels in bed, and going to sleep with the benzoline light burning on the chair at the bed-head, close to the pillow, that he had doubled his insurance, and had taken the precaution to insure everything he possessed in the house.

The agent questioned the cook, who admitted having put the sticks into the oven and on the hot plate, because they were damp and would not ignite. Anne could not remember whether she had left her cans of oil in the pantry or in the kitchen, whether they were corked or not. It was true that master had spoken to her about reading in bed a year ago, when she had set fire to and burnt a hole in the sheet by going to sleep leaving the lamp alight, and turning over in bed and upsetting the lamp.

The insurance was allowed. There was no reason why it should not be. Not the smallest suspicion was aroused that the fire was occasioned by any other cause than the carelessness of the cook, who received her dismissal and a lecture on disobedience. Mr. Cornellis refused her

a month's wage on the ground of her having set fire to the house, and the woman was so concerned that it had been burnt down through her inadvertence, that she made no demur to the loss of wage.

Josephine was not present at the visit of the agent, but she heard about it, and heard the origin of the fire discussed. It was discussed by her father at table. She was uneasy. Not a word was said about his having been up and about after midnight. Only when she found that all the blame was laid on the cook and Anne, did she interfere, and then she spoke to her father when they were alone.

"Papa, why is not a word said about your cleaning up the gravy with petroleum? If Anne did leave the can in the kitchen, you must know, as you used it in the dining-room. The oil was spilled in the pantry—there was quite a pond there. I trod in it."

"Was there a pond in the pantry? Then the can leaked."

"But you had the can, papa."

"I had not. I employed turpentine. I did not go near the pantry."

Josephine was not satisfied. She could not tell her father that she disbelieved what he said; she mistrusted him. When she heard the rector and Mr. Gotham lament the loss of his wines, she opened her eyes. He had no wines—a few dozen only in the coal-hole cupboard; he had no cellar.

The fire had this effect, that it drew her mind away from the consideration of her own trouble. She knew it might also distract the rector, and thought that he would make no further allusion to it. But in this she was mistaken. He called at the Hall a few days after the fire, and as she was in the garden, went to her, and took her hand in his, in his kindly, fatherly way. "I have a crow to pluck with you, Josephine. I have left the crow unpicked for some while, but he has been put aside, not buried."

She knew at once what he meant, and colored, and sharply withdrew her hand. If she had trusted him and told him the truth, he would have been satisfied. The rector was easily satisfied, because his heart went out to meet every one who had done wrong and frankly acknowledged the fault. But she took another course, a mistaken one, a course she would not have taken had she been in a condition to judge calmly. Her father's conduct on the night of the fire had been so suspicious, that she was unhappy and uncomfortable, thinking him guilty of a great act of dishonesty,

and this made her peevish and jealous of interference. She dared not say what she thought; she dreaded lest her suspicions should betray themselves, were her confidence gained by the vicar. So she armed herself with reserve, bound her heart about with pride, and met his advance without cordiality.

"My dear Josephine," he said, "I am not satisfied about two matters — your being on the sea-wall at midnight, and the fire following so soon after. I cannot shake out of my mind the thought that the two incidents are connected."

"I told you, rector, that they were not, when you made the same remark on the morning of the fire."

"It is strange. You were the last person up."

"Is it necessary for me to repeat the assertion, Mr. Sellwood? I have already said that there is no connection between the two events."

He shook his head. He disliked her tone. He looked in her face; he was displeased with the expression there. "I see, I see, it is of no use my speaking to you. You are in an obstinate, defiant mood. I only sought your good."

"You sought the good of the laborers when you gave them cows, and you landed them in jail."

"Only one — only one. It is my duty to try to do good; though, God knows, I make sad bungles in doing it. I must follow my nose, though it leads me to flounder in a bog. I can do no other. All I wanted to say, Josephine, was, that if you had thrown down a match, or upset a lamp, or left a candle burning, so that the fire broke out, it is your duty to mention it. You were up after every one else was in bed. Have you told your father that? If the fire came from the kitchen, you would have smelt burning wood when you went into the hall. Not more than two hours after you retired, the house was in a blaze. Have you told your father you were up?"

"No." She looked down. She could not say that he knew it, lest the rector should ask further questions.

"Then tell him. Look here, Josephine. Follow, as I do, the nose. The nose does not go far into the future; it does not turn corners; it makes no convolutions. It always points straight at what is under the eyes. Do what is a plain duty, and don't consider what is far ahead. It seems to me that this is a simple and direct obligation. Tell your father."

She was silent, unable to answer.

"Now, Josephine," said the vicar, "I know what you are considering, and that is, the question he will ask, why you were up at midnight. Tell him you had gone out into the garden, and through the gate to the sea-wall. Here I arrive at the chief bone I have to pick with you. If you had said to me on that night that you had come out to see the full tide flowing in the moonlight, I would have believed you. Your interview with Dick Cable would in my eyes have been accidental. But you did not say this. You told me that you came there—at midnight, remember, when every one else at Rose Cottage was in bed—to give Dick a box of gilt crackers for his children. You held out the box, to substantiate your story. Did you consider what this implied? It implied that you knew Cable was out at the gate at that time. You could only have known that by making an appointment with him to be there; and this—really, Josephine, with the respect I have always felt for you, and for Dicky Cable—this is a thought that troubles me a great deal."

"I had made no appointment."

"I am relieved to hear you say so. Then how did you know he was there?"

"Because I heard him whistling on the wall a tune—the mermaid's song in 'Oberon.'"

"Really, Josephine! God forgive me! I do not wish to entertain evil thoughts of any one, least of all of you. But this is most extraordinary. I have heard of housemaids arranging with their swains to whistle for them when they are outside the back yard—and this looks much like the housemaid practice exalted to parlor tricks."

"I am sorry you think so," said the girl haughtily. "I cannot help your thoughts, rector. It was, however, no such thing."

"I believe you. Charity hopeth all things, charity believeth all things. But I am puzzled, nevertheless."

"I will tell you how it came about," said Josephine after a long pause. "Mr. Cable had learned the tune from me when we were wrecked together. After you left us, and Aunt Judith had said good-night, instead of going to bed, I sat out in the summer-house, and whilst there, I heard Mr. Cable whistle the air. Then I recollected I had put aside a box of crackers for his children, and I fetched them, and took them out to him."

"It was most inconsiderate, Josephine."

"No doubt it was; but I did not suppose you would have caught me."

"Whether I caught you or not is beside

the matter. You should not do such things. You should think."

"I followed my nose," said Josephine. "I did not consider consequences. I acted on the impulse of the moment—a harmless one."

"A most improper one."

"What! To give sugarplums to little children?"

"To go out in the dead of night to meet a single man, to whatever class of life he may belong. My dear, what a pity you have no mother!"

"Shall I ask my father to give me another?"

"Josephine, this is no joking matter. If you are not more considerate, you will compromise yourself past recovery. You may be thankful no one knew of this escapade except myself and Algernon. Now, go and tell your father about it."

"He knows I was up that night?"

"What! Does he know everything?"

"No—only that I was up."

"Tell him all. Never seek to be other than open. I am glad you told him that. It will make it easier for you to tell him the whole truth—the rest that has been kept from him."

"No, rector," said Josephine impatiently; "I will tell him nothing; I have told him nothing."

"Yet you say he knows."

"I do not say I told him. He may suspect. He may have seen me come in."

"No, Josephine; he went to bed directly after Algy and I left, as he suffered from a bilious headache. I thought he was not himself that evening. So he was asleep long before you were on the sea-wall, and he did not wake till you roused him."

"Who told you that?"

"Himself. I heard him say so several times—to the insurance agent for one."

"Then I will say nothing more," exclaimed Josephine. "Think what you will of me. I cannot clear myself." She laughed bitterly. "I have a maidservant mind. I make appointments to meet my young man on the sly after midnight; I bid him whistle when he is at the trysting-place; I slink out and meet him. What a pity you came, rector, and interfered! We might have eloped together, and then been had up and charged with incendiarism, and sentenced to hard labor for seven years. What fun! I should have liked that amazingly—seven years taken care of, thought for, with no responsibilities, no enigmas to puzzle out, no society before which to wear a mask, no necessity laid on me for lies and dissimulation."

"Josephine! Have you lost your head?"

"No, rector, except with excitement at the prospect of such blessedness as to be 'in' for seven years. O rector! let me rob you of your watch and get convicted. I should dearly like it. To think of knowing exactly where I was, of having a perfect conviction that the ground under my feet was solid, of having all one's world in sharply defined categories; these men are warders, and not criminals; these are criminals, myself included—I burn down houses, you say—and are not warders. And this man in a black coat, with whiskers and white tie, is not a criminal nor a warder, but a chaplain. Here, without, no one knows who is who, and what is what. You, dressed as a parson, may be my warder; and Richard Cable, disguised as a sailor, may be my chaplain; and my father, who carried the gospel to the dispersed tribes, may be a lost Israelite, wanting the gospel more than the rest. Who can tell? What am I? I do not know—a true girl, a liar, honorable, deceitful—a lady, a maidservant? I do not know myself what I am, much less do I know others."

"Josephine," said the rector gravely, "you are talking in a random manner. I sought your confidence, and you have refused it me. I cannot allow you to act as recklessly as you talk. I shall be forced—what I wished to have avoided—to speak to Miss Judith about you."

"As you will," said Josephine with a sigh. "I do not wish, dear rector, to reject your offer, but I cannot help myself. Do you understand how sometimes one may be puzzling with a tangled skein of silk or common twine, trying to undo the knots and to find the end; and how that then, if another comes up and offers to assist you, you decline the help, because you are sure the second set of fingers will complicate the tangle and unravel nothing?"

"What is the skein you are engaged in bringing to order?"

"I do not know—my life, my ideas—the whole of that vast complexity, social moral, religious, in which I find myself. Now, rector, do you understand me?"

He shook his head. "My dear Josephine, it seems to me that instead of unravelling anything, you are involving yourself in a tangle. As for the moral and religious orders—"

"There is no order in them."

"Pardon me, my office is to help—"

"Excuse me, dear Mr. Sellwood. No

one, not even you, can help me. I must work out my puzzle for myself. Say it is not a tangle, but a cat's-cradle."

"That needs two to play at it."

"Yes, but I must choose my own partner."

"Let me say one word, dear Josephine, and that shall be my last, on this matter. You speak of a tangle. There always will be, there always must be, complexity in life. At the same time, there is one little gold thread which, if you will hold and follow, will help you to unlace every loop, and unweave every knot, which will help to draw out every convolved thread, and establish complexity where you have supposed was confusion. Look for the golden thread, Josephine. Good-bye."

The corners of his mouth were working. He had a kind heart. He had known the girl from childhood. He pitied her, and he was in serious alarm for her.

"I have muddled even this," said Josephine to herself. "I have been rude and offended him, and he is kind; but he also, with his kind intentions, is always doing wrong things. It seems to me as if I were set a task to write a copy of copperplate penmanship on a sheet of blotting-paper. Where I want to make hair-strokes, I make smudges; and every flourish I attempt resolves itself into a shapeless blot. Now, with every desire to do me good, the rector will make matters worse; he will tell Aunt Judith all, and she will speak to my father. So he complicates the tangle in which—how wrong he was!—there is no golden thread, only base twine and strands of dirty silk."

CHAPTER XV.

THE JOSEPHINE.

JOSEPHINE remained brooding where the rector had left her, with knitted brows and plaited fingers and set lips. "I wish I were out of this—living a simpler life, where I could see my way plain before me."

Then she heard "Hist! hist!" and looked about her, but discovered no one. Then again "Hist! hist!" and looked up, and beheld the wan face of Mr. Gabriel Gotham, with bleached eyes, and faded hair, and weak trembling lips, looking down on her from the balustrade of the terrace above. She had been pacing a walk below the terrace—the verberna walk—with the rector.

The shaking white hand of the squire was round the base of a plaster vase; she could see only his nodding head and his

hand, the fingers of which worked on the vase as if he were practising on a piano.

"Don't come up," he said, as Josephine turned to the steps that led to the terrace; then he thrust his walking-stick between the pillars of the balustrade and indicated a spot below where she was to stand.

Josephine took up the position he required; and he spoke to her over the stone rail, with his chin resting on it and his hands hanging over it—a picture of imbecility. As his chin was on the stone, when he spoke the upper portion of his head moved, instead of the chin.

"What is it? What have you been doing? What about Richard Cable?"

Josephine's frown deepened. It was too vexatious to have had her conversation with the rector overheard. "Cousin," she said, "I have had a private talk with Mr. Sellwood. I did not solicit it. He thrust it upon me. Neither he nor I desired that it should have taken place within the hearing of an eavesdropper."

"How rude you are to me!"

"A privilege of relations."

"I did not intend to listen. I was here, and you were beneath. I did not hear everything. I did not suppose that you and the rector had anything to say to each other which the world might not hear."

"What did you hear?" asked Josephine shortly.

"I—I do not rightly understand. I think something was said of your meeting Richard Cable at night, without your father's knowledge, on the sea-wall. But I did not catch how long these private interviews had been going on. Oh, how improper!" then he exploded in a cackling laugh.

Josephine colored. "You have just heard enough to let your fancy run away with you, Mr. Gotham," said she. "It is true that I did go out through the gate at night to Mr. Cable, because I had some bonbons for his children. It was a brilliant moonlight night, as light as day, and I never for a moment thought there was any harm in my doing so. *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*"

"Did I hear that the hour was past midnight?" His bleary eyes twinkled with cunning.

"Yes; it was past midnight. The vicar and Captain Sellwood had been dining with us. After dinner, I took the box down to Mr. Cable."

"How did you know he was there? Had you appointed that he should be in waiting to receive the box?"

"Cousin Gotham," exclaimed Josephine

angrily, but with tears of mortification rising into her eyes, "why am I to be subjected to catechism by you as well as by the rector, and go over to you the same story, make to you the same self-exculpation?"

"Because, my dear, I have heard of the circumstances. You will have to explain them and exculpate yourself to every one who hears about this midnight meeting, the sweet *tête-à-tête*."

"No one else will hear of it. It was an accident. It was a bit of thoughtless imprudence on my part. I will not do it again."

"A nine days' wonder to all the parish. How the old women will talk! and the sailors joke over their ale about it!"

"No one will know anything about it but yourself, who have surprised the secret—not that it is a secret. I meant nought by going out on the wall but what I have said, to carry a bonbon-box to the children. I declare!" Josephine burst forth angrily, "I will never attempt to do a kind thing again. It is not often the fancy takes me. When I do a considerate act, I have to suffer for it. You are learning that Cousin Gotham, also. You have housed us after the fire, and cannot shake us off."

"I do not want to be rid of you, Josephine."

"And Aunt Judith? Is the attachment so great that you cannot part with her?"

Mr. Gotham laughed, his head wagging on the balustrade as though it were loose and rolled on it, and might at any moment roll off.

"Have you read of the Struldbugs, Cousin Gotham?"

"What—in 'Gulliver's Travels'? The old people who never die?"

"Yes. Papa says that he cannot believe in Struldbugs, because they would have all their juices drawn out of them by their friends and acquaintances. Friends and acquaintances become to old people barnacles that adhere and perforate. They can be shaken off by those who are young, but not by the old, and they cover up and corrode the latter. I think we are barnacles stuck upon you."

"Am I a Struldbug? or a drift-log? Did your father say that? Or is this a piece of your pertness?"

"Oh, he was not particularly alluding to you," answered Josephine. "At least, I do not remember that he was."

Mr. Gotham got up, and let Josephine see that he did not consist only of head

and hands. "Shall we go a little stroll together?" he said. "Will you take my arm?"

"I shall be delighted," answered Josephine, and waited, and held out her arm for him to take. That was what he meant by her taking his arm; she was to support him.

He came tottering down the steps. Josephine, tall and vigorous, full of the bloom of youth, formed a striking contrast to this mean, decrepit old man.

"Am I a Struldbug?" he asked, leering up in her face. "What was your father talking about that he should come upon the Struldbugs?"

"I really do not remember."

"Or old logs washed up, covered with barnacles?"

"No; he did not speak of you as a log, cousin."

"I should not be surprised if he had been thinking of me. I suspect he speaks one thing to my face and another to my back. I may be esteemed a Struldbug or a log; but I am not one or other. I have eyes in the lobes of my ears, and can see more than some suspect." Then he cackled. "The barnacles may not find so much to suck out of me as they reckon upon."

"Where shall we go, Cousin Gotham?"

"Oh, anywhere. I want a change. On to the sea-wall," he continued, laughing, shaking his sides and the hand that rested on Josephine's arm.

"That fire has been a terrible loss to your father," he said, still laughing. "His books—his wine—his plate! He will save something in housekeeping by living here, barnacled on me, as you call it. The insurance was heavy. I really should not have thought your father had such valuable furniture and wines and books. But it will not be paid for six months, I suppose?"

"I know nothing about it," said Josephine abruptly.

"Why do you not call me Cousin Gabriel?" asked Mr. Gotham. "You know we are relations. Your father's mother was a Gotham, sister of my father, and of old Uncle Jeremy, who bought this place."

"Which way shall we go?" asked Josephine, without answering his question.

He waved his stick in the direction he desired to walk; then he went on: "Your father no doubt reckons on having the Hall when I am gone. Has he ever spoken of the changes he will be making

in it? Trees he will cut down, rooms he will alter?" He peered up in her face craftily.

Mr. Cornellis had done this. Josephine would not say he had not, so she diverted the attention of the old man to something else, a thing easily done. "I suppose now I can bring the Cable children here any day, as you desired, to look for sugared almonds in the wren-nests?"

"Not for the world!" exclaimed Gabriel with a start. "I would not have it done now, whilst your father is here. It might be thought a precedent, and he would not like it; he who is to inherit the place when that old Struldrbug, Gotham, is withered and cast away, when that old log is so barnacle-bored as to be worthless."

"He could not object, if you wished it."

"I wish it no longer."

"I am sorry I mentioned the Struldrbugs to you. You continue referring to them, as though my father or I had associated you with them in idea, which is not the case."

"I do not desire that the children should be brought to the garden now. It was another matter before. Then I had nothing to amuse me; now I have you."

"I will do what I can for you, Cousin Gotham. I shall make you skip and wince with the stings of my sharp tongue."

"I do not mind that; but I do object to be riddled by barnacles."

They were near the willows and the cottage inhabited by the Cables. Gabriel looked uneasily about him, as though seeking something, yet fearing to find it. He started as, turning the corner of the wall, he came upon Richard.

Richard Cable removed his cap respectfully to him and to Josephine. The latter colored and smiled.

"How are the little white mice?" she asked. "All seven snug and neat and happy?"

"Thank you, miss; my children are well and happy, praised be God!"

"Mr. Richard Cable," said Gabriel Gotham with a faltering voice, "would you do Miss Cornellis the favor of following us to Messrs. Grimes and Newbold's dock?"

Josephine hastily turned and looked at the old man. She had forgotten all about the ship, in the excitement consequent on the fire. Gabriel had not again alluded to it; and she had concluded, if for a moment she had considered the proposal, that it had passed from his feeble mem-

ory. Now she was quite unable to pay for a ship, as her money was gone; and since that affair of the night of the fire, it would not be proper for her to give the vessel to Richard. She tried to catch Mr. Gotham's eye, to show him that the suggested visit displeased her; but he studiously averted his face.

"Mr. Cable," said Josephine, "do not come with us. Mr. Gotham and I were engaged in conversation which we must finish. Follow us in a few minutes in the direction of the dock. First run in and kiss the little ones for me. By that time Mr. Gotham and I will have finished our business together."

Richard obeyed. He went over the plank bridge to his garden. Then Josephine, dropping Gabriel's arm, said hastily, eagerly: "It won't do. It must not be. I thought you had forgotten all about the boat, or I would have spoken earlier."

"Why not? The vessel is ready; she is painted, and named. The orders were given directly we had made the arrangement."

"O Mr. Gotham, what is to be done?" gasped Josephine. "I cannot pay you, neither now nor in the future."

"Cannot pay now; but you have your money coming in shortly."

"Not at all. Papa—that is—there has been a bad investment. I do not know exactly how it is, but—papa has been unfortunate about my money. He put it where he thought he had the best security, and—the money is all gone."

"Your mother's fortune gone?"

"All gone. I have nothing."

Then he cackled. "What an unfortunate fire that was at Rose Cottage!"

Josephine, in distress and annoyance, turned sharply away. "You understand, Cousin Gotham, I cannot pay for the ship—now—never."

"But it is bought and paid for in your name, and your name stands in gold letters on the bows. A pity we did not have a cast from your face for the figurehead."

"O Mr. Gotham!"—she clasped her hands—"why did you act with such precipitation?"

"Why did you not tell me in time that you were without means? You can sue your father, and make him indemnify you out of the insurance money." He laughed.

"I cannot do that," she said vehemently. "Why do you laugh? This is no joke. You have brought me into great difficulties."

"There; do not be so distressed. I have risked the money without taking a

written authority from you. I have been incautious. I must bear the loss."

"But I cannot take advantage of you in this way."

"Let me take your arm again, and go on to the yard. Set your mind at rest. You and your father and aunt are my nearest kindred. If you cannot pay, it does not greatly matter. I must leave you something in my will. I will forgive you the debt in my last testament; you shall consider it as the present of Cousin Gabriel. That will set your conscience at rest. Eh?" He peered up at her.

Josephine was not satisfied. She was vexed with Mr. Gotham, who was a man to talk, but not to act; and he had sprung a surprise upon her, which increased her difficulties. These unreliable men, she thought, always do the things which had better be left alone, and neglect what they ought to execute promptly. Who would have supposed he would take me at my word without further consultation? What will my father say?

As they reached the yard, Richard Cable caught them up, and walked respectfully behind.

"Come on, Mr. Cable; don't lag," said Gabriel. "Miss Cornellis has come to see this smack that Messrs. Grimes and Newbold have been building, and which she has bought—a yacht, you understand. She is so fond of the sea, had such a taste of it when she was out in the lightship, that she wants more. She would like your opinion of the vessel, Mr. Cable. I am no judge. I have nothing to do with it, except to act for her, as her agent in the matter. If she had ordered me to engage for her a Newfoundland dog, I would have done so."

Josephine's face was dark with annoyance and shame. She would have protested, but saw that it would avail her nothing. The mischief was done, the ship was ordered and paid for in her name. It was hers whether she wished it or not; and of course she could not retain it herself. The little craft was one to charm a sailor's heart, trim and fresh, beautifully proportioned from stem to stern. She had plenty of floor, while her lines aft were delicately fine, and her long hoist and light draught promised fast sailing powers. Her builders, Messrs. Grimes and Newbold, were proud of her; and the fishermen and sailors who studied her as they walked round her, like dealers about a horse, gave their opinion in her favor as a model combination of strength and

speed. She was freshly painted, and her figurehead glittered with the new gilding put on it.

"Well, Mr. Cable," said Gabriel Gotham, "what do you say to her?"

"She's a beauty," answered Richard—"no mistake."

"Ought to be a beauty," sniggered the squire; "named after Miss Cornellis. You see—she is the Josephine."

"Yes," said Richard. "And not beautiful only. She is all spank with paint and gilding now, and that will be battered away with wind and wave, and worn with time; but she will be good and seaworthy, and obey her helm."

"Should you like to be captain of the Josephine?" asked Gotham, looking slyly first at him, and then round at the builder and some of the workmen who stood by, and were listening.

"I've not the chance," said Cable.

"If you had the chance?" asked the squire.

"I'd do my duty by her," answered Cable.

"You would do your duty by any trust," said Josephine, gathering up the courage to speak. She was afraid of what Mr. Gotham might say; she did not like his tone—it chafed her. If the announcement must be made, it were better that it came from her.

"Mr. Cable," she said, and, as she spoke, she trembled with nervousness, "you rendered me a great service when I might have been lost. I owe you my life. I have not sufficiently thanked you for your great kindness to me in my peril and distress." She spoke so far with downcast eyes; but as she remembered the lightship and what had passed on it, his pity, his gentleness towards her, she looked up into his face. Her olive skin was suffused with color; her large beautiful eyes trembled with timidity, and she continued: "You will not be so unkind now, Mr. Cable, as to refuse to accept from me this little acknowledgment of your goodness to a poor, storm-tossed, shipwrecked girl. It would hurt me inexpressibly were you to do so. Will you—will you accept the Josephine, and be her captain and owner?"

She put out her hand—her heart was full, partly with fear, partly with warm feeling, and laid it on Cable's arm. He caught her hand between his rough palms, and said: "I thank you. I will not refuse. I cannot refuse. I will do my duty by her, miss."

From The Gentleman's Magazine.
THE MAID OF NORWAY.

AN UNWRITTEN CHAPTER OF ENGLISH HISTORY.

DURING the last lustrum of the reign of Alexander the Third of Scotland misfortune had marked that monarch for her own. Domestic bereavement after bereavement followed in quick succession, as if it would appear that the gods had determined to crowd within the brief period of five years everything of grief and sorrow from which hitherto his Scottish Majesty had been spared. The son of Alexander the Second and of Mary de Couci, he had succeeded to the throne when a child of eight, and his reign of over forty years had been tranquil and uneventful. He had married Margaret, the daughter of Henry the Third of England, and the union had been blessed with three children — Alexander, David, and Margaret. The most prominent feature in his rule was the part he played in resisting the claims of the English king to pose as the feudal superior of the districts north of the Tweed — claims always in dispute, occasionally admitted, and ever rejected when opportunity offered. Homage for Scotland Alexander declined to pay either to Henry the Third or Edward the First; homage for the lands which he held in England he would gladly render, as was his due; but as for his own realm never, by St. Luke's face, he swore, would he bend the knee in craven submission. Upon the coronation of Edward the First he attended at Westminster and was called upon to swear fealty to the English king as his over-lord. For the lands he owned in Northumberland and Cumberland Alexander tendered homage, but he was careful to except his own kingdom from the act. The Bishop of Norwich hereupon interposed, suggesting that fealty should also be sworn to Edward for the realm of Scotland. Alexander refused. "To that," he said, "none has a right save God alone, for of him only do I hold my crown." Nor on this occasion does his repudiation appear to have been contested. Upon this question of homage the late Sir Francis Palgrave, in a work as rare as it is valuable, makes some weighty remarks.* "The Scottish writers," he says, "upon Scottish history, warmed by the courage and heroism of

Bruce and Wallace, as represented in the poetry and popular legends and traditions of their country, have characterized the repeated submissions to the English king as acts of disgrace and stains upon the national honor. But the justice of the cause must be judged according to the conscience of the parties; and if the prelates, the peers, the knights, the freeholders, and the burgesses of Scotland believed that Edward was their over-lord, it is not their obedience but their withdrawing of it which should be censured by posterity. Outward acts must be always received as the testimony of inward sentiments; and if men, without compulsion, continue and persevere in a series of consistent acts testifying sentiments which they inwardly repudiate, the whole basis of the law of nations is destroyed. There is not, however, any reason for believing that until the era of Wallace there was any insincerity on the part of the noble Normans, the stalwart Flemings, the sturdy Northumbrian Angles, and the aboriginal Britons of Strathclyde and Reged, whom we erroneously designate as Scots, in admitting the legal supremacy of the English crown, until the attempts made by Edward the First to extend the incidents of that supremacy beyond their legal bounds provoked a resistance not undeservedly earned and deserved by such abuse. Then flaws were found in his title, and the under-king of the Scots, as the Anglo-Saxons styled him, and his subjects were induced to deny the supremacy hitherto felt and owned by them, and which Bruce and Balliol began by acknowledging with equal alacrity."

Whilst staying at Windsor with her father, Margaret, the wife of Alexander, gave birth (February, 1261) to a daughter, Margaret, who was afterwards married to Eric, king of Norway, and thus became mother of the child called the Maid of Norway, who by a series of unforeseen circumstances was to be summoned to fill the throne of Scotland. For death was now busy in the midst of the household of the Scottish monarch. In 1273 Alexander lost his wife; seven years later died David, his youngest son; in 1283 his daughter, who had been united to the king of Norway, was committed to the dust; whilst the same year saw the death of his eldest son, Alexander, who had married Margaret, daughter of the Earl of Flanders, but without leaving issue. Thus for the moment the daughter of Eric of Norway was the only direct successor of Alexander of Scotland. The Estates now

* Documents and Records, illustrating the History of Scotland, preserved in the Treasury of Her Majesty's Exchequer. Introduction. By Sir Francis Palgrave.

assembled at Scone, February 5, 1284, and there pledged themselves, failing any legitimate children their king might still have, to acknowledge the Maid of Norway as the sole and absolute heiress to the realm. To invalidate this decision, Alexander a few months afterwards married Joleta, the daughter of the Count de Dreux, at Jedburgh. It was said that on this occasion, among the figures of a masque performed in honor of the ceremony, was seen a mysterious form which none could distinguish whether 'twas man or ghost. The apparition was, however, looked upon by the assembled guests as boding no good, and as a sure presage of immediate death. The prediction was fulfilled. Early in the March of the following year Alexander, whilst riding in the dark between Burntisland and Kinghorn, fell over a cliff and was killed on the spot.

Scotland mourned hym than full sare,
For under hym all his leges ware
In honoure, quiete, and in pes;
Forthi cald pessybill king he wes,
He honoured God and holy kirk,
And medfull dedys he oysed to werk.

So sang an old chronicler, and thus the Maid of Norway had now developed into Margaret, queen of Scotland.

There is little doubt that when the news of the death of this good and great king travelled south of the Tweed it caused genuine sorrow to the English court. Between our first Edward and Alexander the Third the most cordial relations had existed. We have only to study the pages of Rymer to see that when the Scottish monarch made any complaint to his brother of England—as when for instance he remonstrated at the conduct of the English bailiffs upon the east marches, or begged that the liberties of his kingdom, of which Edward was the over-lord, should not be violated; or as when he recommended certain of his subjects journeying to London to be taken specially into the English king's favor—we have only, I say, to read the correspondence that passed between the two sovereigns on those occasions to note how kindly and fraternal each was to the other. When Alexander made a point of going to London to attend the coronation of Edward, an allowance of one hundred shillings a day, equivalent to sixty pounds of our money, was granted him out of the royal exchequer at Westminster; nor was this, we find, by any means an isolated case of his being a recipient of English bounty. Aware of the greed of tradesmen when royal personages ap-

pear upon the scene, Edward, by a special mandate, decreed that the arrival of the king of Scotland with his suite should not be made the pretext for raising the price of provisions and other goods on his line of march through England. Upon another occasion Alexander having begged that certain lawsuits, which promised to disturb the *entente cordiale* between the two kingdoms, should be referred to an arbitration, according to the laws and customs of the marches, Edward readily assented. Indeed, throughout the correspondence that passed at this time betwixt Edinburgh and London, whether petitions for loans on one side or the feudal claims of supremacy from the openly ignored but tacitly admitted over-lord on the other, there never appears to have been a hitch or the semblance of antagonism.

The death of the Scottish king and the consequences that would ensue from such demise were not lost upon so astute a monarch as King Edward. The crown of Scotland had now devolved upon an infant, and that infant a female; for, as with England so then with Scotland, the distinction of sex was no obstacle to the possession of the throne. The child princess was now Margaret, queen of Scotland, with as full claim and right to the sway of the sceptre as had ever been demanded by her predecessors. Why, then, should he not avail himself of his opportunity? was the one great thought which inspired the English king as he cast his eager gaze upon the vacant throne across the Tweed. Edward had a son, called after his own name, who in the ordinary course of nature would succeed him, and transmit it was hoped to another generation the proud Plantagenet line. Did it not, therefore, seem pointed out by the hand of heaven that a union of the two realms should be effected through the marriage of his eldest son, the Prince of Wales—that wild country which had been so recently conquered—with this young queen of Scotland? Across the border the same idea had curiously enough been entertained by the Scottish guardians, who, in the absence of the child sovereign then in Norway, were entrusted with the regency of the kingdom. We learn from documents now made public and still preserved among our archives that, a few days after the death of Alexander, the bishops of St. Andrews and Glasgow, "in their own name and in the name of the clergy, of the earls and barons, and of all others of the realm of Scotland who had been present

at the burial of the lord Alexander of good memory, the late king of Scotland," had sent from Dunfermline John St. Germain, prior of the Dominicans at Perth, in company with another friar, one Brother Arnald, to the English court, entrusted with the delivery of a very important message. What the nature of this important message was the papers before us do not reveal, but, taken in connection with what subsequently occurred, there is no rashness in assuming that it related to the settlement of the Scottish succession. This much, however, is beyond dispute — so confident did Edward feel as to the result of his negotiations with the governors and people of Scotland that he embarked for France shortly afterwards, and spent more than three years upon the Continent.*

At the same time, as so often happens when a regency assume the sway of affairs owing to the absence or minority of the sovereign, a division of opinion upon the question of the succession burst forth north of the Tweed. The claims of Robert Bruce were now advanced by his partisans. This rival was the son of Isabel, the second daughter of David, Earl of Huntingdon, brother of that William, king of Scotland, who had been taken prisoner by Henry the Second of England, and already he had a large following among the more powerful of the Scottish nobles and clergy. A meeting of these was now summoned at Turnberry Castle in order to arrive at some definite line of action. There, in the courtyard of the castle, assembled Patrick, Earl of Dunbar, with his three sons, the Earl of Mar with his two sons, Robert Bruce, Lord of Anandale, Robert Bruce, Earl of Carrick, James Stewart, Malcolm of Lennox, and others. A bond of mutual defence was drawn up, which pledged each member of the confederacy to act in accordance with the verdict of the majority — in other words, to support the pretensions of Robert Bruce. Should any one give his word to this course of action and then withdraw from it, he was to lay himself open to attack, and to the spoliation of all his goods. No mention was made of the name or title of the Maid of Norway, though it was assumed on that occasion that the throne of Scotland would be occupied by one of the royal blood, who

should obtain it "*secundum antiquas consuetudines hactenus in regno Scotiæ approbatas et usitatas*" — according to the ancient customs hitherto approved and observed in the realm of Scotland.*

Either the proceedings of this confederacy never came to the knowledge of Edward, or, if they did, he calmly ignored them. He was over-lord of Scotland, and not to be deterred from his purpose by any opposition, whether slight or rancorous. From the documents before us it is evident that he was still occupying himself with all the necessary preliminaries for the betrothal of his son with the little queen of Scotland. Two messengers — Otho de Grandison, a gallant knight, and William de Hothuln, a Dominican friar — had been despatched by him to Rome to communicate certain weighty information, and to solicit from Pope Nicholas the favor of a bull of dispensation for the union of Prince Edward with Margaret, the heiress of Scotland, since the young couple, being cousins, were within the prohibited degrees. This request was granted, and a bull, permitting in general terms a contract of marriage, was issued from the papal chancery. Of this bull, three original copies are preserved among our archives in the Record Office; to each is appended a leaden seal by a cord of yellow and crimson silk. The words of the document are brief. The pope expresses himself as most desirous of settling the feuds and animosities which had so long existed between the two kingdoms, and, therefore, any step which had for its object to link the two countries together was to be encouraged, and met with his full approval. He was of opinion that the marriage of Prince Edward of England with Margaret, queen of Scotland, would lead to so desirable a consummation; but as the two who were now anxious to become one flesh were within the forbidden degrees of affinity, their union could not be blessed by Mother Church without papal sanction. That permission his Holiness was now graciously pleased to accord, since it would conduce to the suppression of past jealousies, and to the alliance of the two realms under one crown. "Let no one, therefore," warned Nicholas, "infringe the clauses of this dispensation, or seek to hinder them. Should any, after this admonition, dare to thwart our will, let him know that he shall incur the anger of Almighty God, and of his blessed apostles, Peter and Paul." †

* March 29, 1286. Documents illustrative of the History of Scotland. Selected by the Rev. J. Stevenson. Two volumes. The Scotch documents preserved in the Record Office (Exchequer and Treasury of the Receipt) are among the most interesting of the national archives.

* September 20, 1286. Ibid.

† November 16, 1289. Ibid.

The next move in the negotiations was made by the father of the future bride. Eric of Norway was no opponent to the scheme. He had been beholden to the king of England for various favors—one of which, as I see from a little bill before me, was for a loan of £1,333 6s. 8d.—and accordingly, with the diplomacy of the suppliant, had no intention of gainsaying the wishes of his royal patron. On the contrary, he furthered them to the best of his ability. He despatched three of his most trusted agents to France, where Edward still lingered, to discuss the terms of the marriage and to give his consent to the bestowal of the hand of his daughter.*

These preliminaries arranged, nothing now remained but to obtain the consent and approbation of the nobles of the three realms of England, Scotland, and Norway to such details as should be considered necessary for the happiness of the engaging parties and the welfare of the united kingdom. A meeting was held at Salisbury by the English, Scotch, and Norwegian representatives to draw up the clauses of the marriage settlement and to deliberate upon the terms on which the union was to be entered into. The result of the conference was as follows: The young queen was to quit Norway a perfectly free agent, and to arrive in England or Scotland under no obligations whatever as to marriage. Should her proposed union meet with the approval of the guardians of Scotland, then, but not till then, was the betrothal to take place. Before her Majesty passed through England into Scotland it should be the duty of King Edward to see that the latter kingdom was free from all tumult and disturbance, so that the queen on coming into her realm could live there in all security as "*verreye dame e royne e heritere*." If among the guardians of Scotland there should be found any calculated to work her mischief or to do her cause hurt, the same were to be removed and others substituted, the selection being made by the united powers of England, Scotland, and Norway. In case of any disagreement between these three countries, the voice of England was to be paramount, and from her casting vote there was to be no appeal. As to all such decisions the king of Norway was, however, to be fully informed. Such was the nature of the convention known in history as the Treaty of Salisbury.† A few weeks after the framing of its clauses they

were confirmed by a Parliament held at Brigham. In the summer of the same year a council assembled at Northampton, where Edward again ratified the treaty, and pledged his royal word that if Queen Margaret became the wife of his son, the Prince of Wales, the independence of Scotland should in no wise be tampered with.*

The young queen was now to be shown that, whatever might be the upshot of these negotiations, neither England, nor her husband who wished to be, was indifferent to her infantine charms. Presents of a valuable character were entrusted by Prince Edward to the hands of one Walter de Langton for the use of Margaret when she should be domiciled in Scotland. The list is before me, and from its catalogue the following may be specified. First, there was a silver-gilt pitcher, with the arms of England and Castile chased on the outside, and which had been, in the first instance, given to King Edward by the Bishop of London. Then the Archbishop of Canterbury sent a couple of gold shell-shaped cups; whilst his brother of York was content to present only one, but with the arms of France and Navarre cut on an enamelled shield. The abbey of Reading gave also a silver-gilt cup, for there seems to have been in those days the same lack of originality in the bestowal of wedding gifts as exists in the present. From the Bishop of Ely came a two-handled gold vase with a cover on an enamelled stand, with the arms of France chased on the outside. The Abbey of St. Augustine sent also a small gold vase with a lid of exquisite workmanship. Various other presents of plate—chiefly gold cups and silver basins—at the same time were despatched north, to be housed in the Edinburgh regalia until they were required for the use of the child sovereign. The arrival of these treasures only increased the desire and curiosity of her future subjects to see the little Maid of Norway and do her homage. It was not yet decided by the English council whether Margaret was to land at Edinburgh or to proceed further south and enter the Thames. One part of the programme had, however, been definitely settled. The heiress of the Scottish crown was to quit Bergen as soon as the necessary means of transit were provided, and then subsequent events were to determine as to the establishment of her residence. Upon King Edward now devolved all the arrangements for

* September 17, 1289. Ibid.

† November 6, 1289. Ibid.

* July 18, 1290. Ibid.

the passage from Norway. An embassy, consisting of the Abbot of Welbec, Henry de Rye, and others, was despatched to the Scandinavian realm to settle the preliminaries for the departure of Margaret. It was expected that the king of Norway would accompany his daughter, and thus every thought which care and consideration could inspire was taken that during the voyage the royal party should be in the enjoyment of every comfort. With this object Edward caused a large ship to be arrested at Great Yarmouth — the roads of Yarmouth were in the Middle Ages the favorite haven around our coasts for vessels of heavy tonnage — the fitting up and victualling of which he entrusted to one Matthew de Columbariis, the chief butler of his household, who has kept a curious statement as to his expenditure on this occasion. Let us examine a few of its items. The original account is among the treasures of the Record Office; it consists of a single membrane fairly written, with the marginal remarks of the surveyor of Yarmouth, and is slightly stained with damp.*

The supplies were provided with a liberal hand. Neither the royal party nor the crew were as yet under the influence of the temperance movement, for among the entries we notice thirty-one hogsheads and one pipe of wine, in addition to ten barrels of beer. It was in the days of heavy feeding, when indigestion appears to have been one of the frailties of the flesh then unknown. For there, stored in the hold of the Yarmouth barque during this brief voyage — it had at last been decided that Edinburgh was to be the destination — were fifteen carcasses of salted oxen, seventy-two hams, four hundred dried fish, two hundred stock-fish (at that time we drove a roaring trade with Iceland in stock-fish), one barrel of sturgeon, five dozen of the lampreys so beloved by our Henry (who never smiled again after the shipwreck of his son, though he was able to enjoy, not wisely but too well, his dinner), and fifty pounds of a fish entered as "whale." To give a zest to this Gargantuan *menu* there were the necessary condiments of twenty-two gallons of mustard, with salt, pepper, vinegar, and onions, and garlic in proportion. Nor did the attentive Matthew de Columbariis forget that there was a young lady on board, to whom "sweets" would be more attractive than the stronger diet supplied to the

sterner sex. If it were to pander to the delicate palate of Margaret that we come across in this account the liberal entries of the pounds of gingerbread, the jars of figs, the masses of raisins, the loaves of sugar, the ginger, citron, and mace, not to speak of the trifling dessert of five thousand walnuts, her Majesty had certainly little cause for complaint. We have made no mention as to the cheese, gruel, beans and peas, tallow candles, wax, and plate and linen provided on this occasion. Enough has been said to show that, during a month's voyage, the commissariat supplied on that occasion would not have broken down. The vessel was gaily painted, and banners and pennants bearing the English arms fluttered at the masts-heads.

It is sad to have to relate that after all the care and anxiety that had been lavished upon these preparations and negotiations they were to come to nought. Was it not Lord Beaconsfield who said, "The unforeseen is sure to occur to upset our calculations, and mar all the plans that prescience can suggest"? The proverb "Man proposes, but God disposes" is scrawled over almost every page of history. We draw up our careful treaties with all the subtlety of diplomacy so as to make alliance doubly sure, we plot our little combinations to cause rival dynasties to coalesce, we enter upon great wars to strengthen national stability, we plan, and scheme, and quarrel — then, when we fondly hope that our aim is to be attained, some complication occurs which we never expected, some consummation for which we had never anticipated and therefore had never provided is sprung upon us, and lo and behold! all our trickery and forethought have been expended in vain. We have proposed, but have been disposed of. To this list of schemes that have fallen through, history has to add the meditated marriage of the Maid of Norway. At the appointed date the vessel sailed from Yarmouth to fetch the young queen from her Norwegian home, with its elaborate provisions and crew of forty hands. She reached Bergen in safety, the royal party were taken on board, her bows were turned south, and in due time it was known that the arrival of Margaret might daily be expected in Scotland. But it was ordained otherwise. "The child," writes Mr. Stevenson in the careful and scholarly preface to his work, "on whose frail life were centred so many hopes, was not permitted to see them

* September, 1290. *Ibid.*

realized. It would appear that she died just before reaching the Orkney Islands (possibly in a bay in South Ronaldsha), leaving her hereditary kingdom, in which her personal claims were scarcely recognized, to all the dangers and miseries of a disputed succession."

ALEX. CHARLES EWALD.

From The National Review.
PERSONIFICATION OF THE MYSTERIOUS
AMONGST THE MODERN GREEKS.

DURING many visits to the Greek islands, and constant intercourse with the inhabitants, I have often been struck with a trait in their character which they have inherited, with slight modifications, from their ancestors. This is the personification of mysteries which they do not understand, atmospheric phenomena, curious-shaped rocks, mysterious diseases, and death; and in their personification they have followed much the same line that characterized the myths of the ancient Hellas.

Hurricanes which constantly visit the coasts, they maintain, are caused by demons rushing from place to place (*ἀνεμοστροφολοί*); and so associated in these islands are all horrors with the winds that blow, that the devil is not unfrequently called *ὁ ἀνεμος*, and old women mutter "honey and milk" to exorcise these demons of the air, as in ancient times they offered honey and milk to the nymphs who were supposed to raise these storms. In many places they attribute a storm to a marriage amongst those uncanny air demons the Nereids, and the attendant festivities, and they call it *ἡ πόμπη τῶν Νηρηίδων*. Thunder is supposed to be caused by the prophet Elias driving in his chariot in pursuit of demons; and when a tree is struck, they imagine that the prophet has caught the object of his pursuit. Again, I have heard them say when it thunders, "God is marrying his son." When a marriage takes place in these islands they always let off guns, consequently they imagine that the sound of thunder comes from the same cause in heaven. In Naxos, up in the mountains, one stormy day, we passed a spot which is called the "dancing-place of the winds;" and our muleteer, a wild mountain peasant, illustrated for us the manner in which he supposed the winds would dance, by going through some of the wild evolutions of the *systos*, their national dance. Mr. Northwind (*Κὺρ Βορέας*) as they call him, is

always a dreaded visitor. He lives, they say, "somewhere up there," pointing vaguely towards Thrace,* "in a palace of ice and snow;" but Mr. Southwind chose to blow one day, and melted it all away, so that nothing was left save the tears which flowed riverwards. When strong north winds are blowing, the sea is often lashed into spiral wreaths of spray which the sailors look upon with great terror and say, "The Lamia of the sea is travelling." They are pretty to look upon from the land, and resemble wreaths of smoke issuing from a chimney.

The lively imagination of the islanders has, of course, invented many theories for rain; some say that the vault of heaven is full of holes like a sieve, on to which God pours water out of his skins, and sometimes he squeezes hard, and sometimes softly, according as it pours or drizzles. Others say, when it rains, "God is emptying his bowl;" the idea being that God, like Zeus of antiquity, has a bowl or receptacle full of water, which he shakes, and then clouds come out and fall to the earth as rain or snow.

"The rainbow in the morning denotes luck, in the evening woe," they say; and the rainbow is now called the "nun's girdle" in remote places, which idea strangely reminds one of the myth of the virgin goddess Iris; furthermore, just as Iris was Jove's messenger from heaven to earth, so now the "nun's girdle" is used by God as a messenger to point out where hidden treasure is buried.

The mystery of the great light-giving sun is treated of to-day much in the same fashion as it was in antiquity. The sun is still to them a giant, like Hyperion, bloodthirsty when tinged with gold. When the sun "seeks his kingdom in flames of gold," as they poetically express it, he expects to find forty loaves prepared for him by his mother, to appease his hunger after his long day's journey. Woe to her if these loaves are not ready! the son will eat his brothers, sisters, father, and mother in his wrath. "He has been eating his mamma" is said when he rises red in the morning. The prophet Elias is now the Phæbus Apollo, *Ἠλίας* of antiquity, one of those easy transpositions of names which young Christendom invented to suit the popular belief. All the highest peaks in each island are dedicated to the prophet and his church is built thereon, whither in times of drought crowds assemble to pray for rain.

* Cf. Iliad, ix. 4.

The Virgin it is who has supplied the place of Eos; she is the mother of the sun; she opens the gates of the east through which her son can pass; and about the all-glorious life-giving sun, a Greek peasant can never say enough. He is the pattern of perfect beauty; "beautiful as the sun," is a constant phrase used to express the loveliness of a girl. I have heard an island mother say almost the very words that Sophocles puts into the mouth of the dying Ajax when he appealed to the heavenly body to tell his fate to his old father and sorrowing spouse; her daughter was in service somewhere on the mainland, and she said, "Perhaps the sun will carry a message for me to my child."

The belief that their dear sun is in danger when obscured by an eclipse is still in vogue in remote districts, where people will come out with brass kettles to drive away the evil demons which are threatening the existence of their God. Thus through long ages has survived traces of the oneness of sun-worship before the attributes of the great Eastern God were divided amidst Zeus Apollo and a host of minor satellites.

The month of March, the fickle swain, who dwells with a lovely but cross-grained mistress, and is delighted at her beauty, but grieves at her anger, is another very apt illustration of the vivid imagination of a Greek. March, they say, deceived his eleven brothers with whom he lives, and got a beating for so doing. March, too, was so angry with an old woman for thinking he was a summer month that he borrowed a day from his brother February, and froze her and her flocks to death; and this is why February has never more than twenty-nine days. Such allegories as these, and more besides, Greek sailors tell you if you wish to embark on a voyage in March amongst their treacherous seas.

There is a curious fable still told on the island of Melos, which illustrates better than anything the love of the Greek for personification, and his powers therein. There are numbers of these fables told by old women in the island, which remind one of Æsop's fables. This one bears on the subject of March, and his brother months, so I will relate it as it was told to me:—

"Once upon a time an old woman went to gather sticks that she might light a fire to warm herself; and to find the sticks she went to a waste bit of land, and at the end of this waste she saw a house; and as

she was getting sticks it came on to rain, and for fear of getting wet the silly old woman went to the house; and on entering, twelve handsome young Pallicars met her. 'Good hour to you, my Pallicars,' says she. 'Same to you, old woman,' they replied; 'why do you come here in such bad weather?' 'Ah, my children! I am a poor old thing, and I came to gather a few sticks to keep out the cold; for my house is but a ruin—the roof is coming in, and the rain and the cold.'

"Then one of the young men said to her, 'Tell us now, widow, which of the months is the worst?' 'Ah, my child!' answered the shrewd old woman; 'all the months are alike; none of them are bad—all of them have their good points, and their bad.' 'But, my good widow,' continued he, 'how can January resemble May?' 'My child,' replied she, 'if it did not rain in January, and there was no bad weather, then May would not have his flowers.' 'Have you got a sack with you?' they inquired; and the old woman gave them one she had with her for gathering grass for the cattle, and they filled it with florins, and she went home to her village.

"When her sister saw her, she said, 'Good gracious, sister! where did you get these florins from?' And the old woman sat down and told her story; whereupon the sister, on the next day, took the biggest sack she could find, and made as if she would go to gather grass, and found the same house and the twelve Pallicars therein. She entered and greeted them, and sat down. 'How is it you are here, widow?' 'To gather sticks,' she replied, 'for now the wretched cold month of January is come, and I cannot keep my cottage warm.' 'Tell us, now, which of the months you like best?' they said. 'I like none of them!' was her reply, 'for some are so cold and bad. I do not know which is the best—perhaps February, for he has only twenty-eight or twenty-nine days, or March, with the five winds—March the pole-burner;* all the others are fire and heat!' Then they said, 'You have a sack, widow?' which she joyfully gave to them; and they filled it full of snakes, vipers, scorpions, and all the evils of the black earth, and they gave it to her, saying, 'When you get home, shut your doors and windows, and open the sack carefully, for there is great treas-

* March is so called, because a peasant, not having laid in enough wood, thinking March would be warm, had to burn the poles to which his young trees were bound.

ure therein.' So the old woman did so, and opened the sack as she had been told, when lo! out came the scorpions and devoured the old woman, because she had no control over her tongue. Be guided by me, and never trust to your own powers of speech."

The stalactites which adorn the caves and grottoes of their islands, they tell you, are Nereids. Each figure has some quaint name and attribute, and no one dares to enter their caves except for forty days after Easter, when the Nereids' power is supposed to be dormant. A rocking-stone on Tenos has the counterpart of the legend of Hercules and the two north winds he slew attached to it. They say St. Michael slew two refractory north winds one day, and the tombstone over them rocks whenever the north wind blows. Cyclopan walls are accounted for by saying that dragons built them, and each remnant of ancient Greek fortification has a story attached to it about the terrible dragon which lives there and the ravages it causes in the neighborhood. As is natural, most of the neighboring islands believe that the volcanic crater of Santorin is the entrance to Hades, "whither," say the Naxiotes, "our good bishop has driven all the vampires and ghosts, so that they are very numerous there, and roll stones down the cliffs at travellers."

Diseases of all kinds, more especially sudden ones, are personified by the modern Greeks, and have each their separate story attached. In Andros consumption is said to be an Eriny, and in the last hours of this complaint they imagine that four Erinyes sit at the four corners of the room ready to pounce upon the survivors; they are especially fond of children, they say, consequently infants are never allowed to come near a consumptive patient when *in extremis*; furthermore, they think it necessary to open a hole in the mud roof, just over the sick man's head, that when his spirit leaves them it may go through, and take the Erinyes with it. Mysterious wasting in children is set down to the blight cast upon them by the Nereids, those uncanny fairies which inhabit the cliffs and trees of modern Greece as they did of yore. A sprain is said to be caused by the laugh of a Nereid, and, to protect themselves from these unpleasant visitors, every householder, on Palm Sunday, provides himself with a branch of olive, which is blessed in church, and afterwards hung up before the sacred pictures in the house; a dried leaf of this,

tied in a little bag round their children's necks, is a sure protection from the Nereid's glance.

Epilepsy, the sacred disease of antiquity, is supposed to be a visit from the devil himself; nothing can cure it save the exorcism of the priest, who reads in church the prayers of the Holy Basil before the sufferer; and nightmare, too, is a visitation from a species of devil called *ὁ βραχνας*, which comes down the chimney at midnight; he leaps on the sufferer, and tries to choke him, they say, but he has generally a hat on, and if the afflicted man can knock Brachnas's hat off he will grow rich. If you have eaten a heavy supper, and are afraid of a visit from this unpleasant personage, there is no better preventative than to sleep with a black-handled knife under your pillow, and to say, before getting into bed, "Brachnas, go the road thou camest, count the stars of heaven, the sand of the sea, the hairs of my coat, and the holes of the road." By the time that Brachnas has finished these labors they fancy that the cock will have crowed, after which event he has no more power.

The seat of the spirit and the centre of life, they tell you, is the stomach; consequently, when a man dies his spirit is supposed to come out of his mouth; in some parts they even say "My spirit aches" when they have a pain in the stomach. Hence, a pain in that region of the body is looked upon as the direct punishment for some sin committed, whereat the spirit grieves and aches accordingly. As a cure for stomach-aches a direct appeal to Christ is supposed to be most efficacious; consequently, the old women in their charms direct a mystic prayer to him. Many believe that all maladies which attack the human frame are worms created by the wrath of God, a truly unscientific way of arriving at the same conclusion as science. Amongst the peasants of the Greek islands the *bacilli* theory has been known, doubtless, for many centuries.

The mystery of death and a future existence, perhaps, offers us the most perfect parallel between ancient and modern beliefs. The personage called Charon, who ferried the souls across to Hades, is altered in very few respects to-day. Death, to the mind of a modern Greek, is distinctly pagan; it is the deprivation of the good things of life, and to their minds death is never anything but the "dark grave," and a home in the "black earth." Hades is still the destination of the dead; Charon is their ever-watchful guardian;

punishments for sin are carried on in Tartarus, in the fiery river (*πυρινὸς ποταμὸς*) the Phlegethon of antiquity. Christian teaching has adapted to itself rather than obliterated ancient myths.

The great authority for the horrid frescoes which personify eternal punishment, and which are represented on the walls of Greek churches, is derived from that wonderful document entitled the "Apocalypse of the Virgin," in which it is related how the mother of Christ was one day engaged in prayer on the Mount of Olives, and conceived a desire to see the chastened in hell. She asked St. Michael to take her, and, as he conducted her, he explained the punishments and crimes of each person they there met. Consequently, in churches dedicated to St. Michael, you always see pictures of a most realistic nature. There is the fiery river with its inscription on a scroll; kings, bishops, etc., are engulfed in a dragon's mouth; the proud man, labelled *ὁ περὶ φανός*, is hung by his feet from a tree; the evil speaker, *ὁ καταλάλητης*, is dragged by his feet from a tree, whilst a demon follows him shoving a spear down his throat; the glutton is being slapped by two demons, at the same time, on the stomach and on the mouth; the drunkard is head downwards to let the wine run out; those who cannot get up for early mass on Sundays are lying in bed like dead men, with elegant coverlets over them; and the tortures of the woman who has nourished a foreigner are horrible to behold. St. Michael is the modern Hermes, the angel of death, and in the representations of him, usually to be seen over the door entering into the part of the church consecrated to the sacred mysteries, he is depicted as a warrior, having in his right hand a naked sword, balances in his left, and trampling a sinner under his feet. The idea is prevalent that at a man's birth the Fates fix the day of his death; so the pious imagine St. Michael on the 8th of November, his own especial day, looking through the list the Fates have written, and writing down on his tablet the names of those who, during the ensuing year, must fall victims to his two-edged sword.

From the lamentations (*μυρολόγια*) which are sung at every Greek funeral in the islands to-day, by hired women that forcibly remind us of the Carian women of antiquity who were hired for the same purpose, we learn much of the popular idea of death and the mysteries beyond the grave, and in listening to them one's mind wanders back to an ancient Greek

chorus, that of Æschylus more especially, where the virgins at the gate of Agamemnon indulge in all the most poignant manifestations of grief, beating their breasts, lacerating their cheeks, and rending their garments; and in hearing those of to-day, we could not but admire the prudence of Solon, who forbade the excessive lamentations of such women.

Charon, or Charos as he is now popularly called, is a synonym for death. "Charos seized him," is a common expression, and a clever popular enigma likens the world to a reservoir full of water, at which Charon, as a wild beast, drinks; but the beast is never satisfied, and the reservoir never exhausted.

Imagination is the soul of these modern Greek death ballads, and in them many beautiful ideas are expounded. They harrow the feelings of the survivors, by alluding to the loneliness of the living, and of the horrors of the cold, dark grave; and in that strange language of hyperbole which characterized the chorus of an old Greek play, a modern wailer will wonder how the sun could venture to shine on so lamentable a scene as the present.

They sing to you of feasts and banquets in Hades, where Charon and his ghostly satellites eat the dead for food; they tell you of the gardens of Hades, where the souls of the departed are planted and come up as weird plants.

At Naxos I heard this idea:—

Who hath seen the dead returning,
Be he king or warrior brave?
They are planted in Charon's vineyard,
There is no return from the grave.

The same idea is conveyed in a still more poetical manner in a popular death-wail in Karpathos, which runs as follows: "Charos wished to plant a garden; the old men he planted, and they came up as lemon-trees, with tortuous stems; the young came up as tall, erect cypress-trees; but the little children he placed as flowers in his vases."

King Charos is not the Death of western Christendom, the skeleton with the scythe in his hand; he is the Homeric ferryman, who rows souls across to Hades in his caique, and he is a hero of huge stature, and flaming eyes of color like fire, *πορφύρεας* of the Iliad. He goes to collect the dead on horseback; so in olden days a horse was the symbol of death, as we see on so many tombstones. Charon, too, can lurk in ambush to surprise his victims, and can change himself into a swallow, like Athene, who perched on Ulysses'

house on the day of the murder of Penelope's suitors.

Charon's palace in Hades is decorated with the dead, and the bones of the departed are used for every purpose of domestic use. The dead who haunt it are forever planning to return to the upper air, and form schemes for so doing, which Charon always discovers; sometimes they even manage to steal his keys, but in vain.

There are traces of Lethe, too, in the lamentations of to-day — a river of which the dead drink and forget their homes and their orphan children. There is found, too, a parallel case in animal life; a shepherd will tell you that there grows on the mountains a herb called "the grass of denial," and when the flocks have eaten thereof they forget their young.

Relatives, at a death-wailing, send messages of love and remembrances to friends who have gone before to the shades of Hades, and in most houses where there is a death it is considered wrong to cook or perform household duties until some days have elapsed; consequently friends and relatives come laden with food, and lay the "bitter table," as they call it (just like the *νεκρόδειπνα* of ancient days); and for three nights after a death, on the pillow which the departed used, they burn a dim lamp, because it is thought that for three days after burial the soul loves to revisit those in its old home, and busies itself with its usual avocations.

At a child's funeral I witnessed in a mountain village of Naxos I heard a very beautiful lament sung by a common ignorant woman, whose daily avocation was that of washing. Uncultured imagination alone, when busy at the brook cleansing dirty linen, has provided her with ideas like these:—

"To-day the heavens are darkened, the sun is obscured; to-day the child is cut off from his parents. It was not a tree, that you could fell it; it was not a flower, that it should fall; but it was a weak young tendril, which twined itself around their hearts. Would that I could descend to Hades, and gnash my teeth, for lo! the worms of the earth to-day have joy. Whenever I think of thee, my darling, whenever my mind ponders on this grief, as the sea I am disturbed, as a wave my mind is troubled!"

In this same village we found a Christianized form of the old classical "obolos for Charon." Here the freight-money is still maintained and duly paid, and it still

bears the ancient name of *ναῦλων*. It is not, however, a coin, as in olden days, but a little wax cross with the initial letters I.X.N. (*Ἰησοῦς Χριστὸς νικᾷ*, "Jesus Christ conquers") engraved thereon, and this they put on the closed lips of the deceased before the body is consigned to the tomb.

It is in this manner that Christianity has adopted pagan ideas and superstitions as its own. We went into several cottages in this Naxiote village, and questioned the people closely about their ideas on the subject of Charon and Hades; and they told us with implicit faith, nothing hesitating, that Charon lived in Hades, a frozen spot (*παγωμένο μέρος*), where he hunts and chases his victims on a spectre horse to prevent their escape.

Christianity has further copied mythology by introducing on the scenes a personage called Charon's mother; doubtless Persephone has been changed to the Virgin, the mother of Christ, who is supposed to intercede for sinners; Charon's mother is personified as a sweet, tender woman, who intercedes with her bloodthirsty son, and checks his murderous hand, saying,—

"Take not the baby from its mother, take not the newly married bride, who wears her wedding garland."

Some of the prayers to this mother of Charon are very touching and pathetic in their expression.

Many quaint superstitions are still in practice in connection with death; a goat's-hair coverlet, for example, must not be put on the bed of a dying man, or it will impede the departure of his spirit; and it is looked upon as a proof that life has been bad, and punishment is in store for the individual who struggles hard with death. A child should not sneeze whilst a lamentation is being sung, for it is considered as a portent of its approaching death; the sneezing is caused, they say, by the entrance of an evil-minded Nereid into the child by way of the nostril, which will inevitably result in premature wasting and death.

After death the spirits of wicked men rest not in peace, they become vampires (*Βρονκόλακες*), more especially if, at the time of death, they have not made peace with all their enemies; for this reason, dying people often ask for a glass of water in which to melt a pinch of salt for each enemy that they can remember, saying, as they put it into the water, "As the salt has melted, so may my curses melt." They only leave bodies in the earth for a

year in many islands, and when they exhume them, and the flesh is not decayed off the bones, they imagine that the deceased is still wandering in ghostly form, eager to suck the blood of man or beast. There is no peace for him in Hades, no peace for his relatives, for he returns to his home, and "feeds on his own," as the expression goes; he brings with him plagues, typhus, cholera, etc. The grass dies near his grave, the flowers wither and are eaten by worms, ruin comes on the herds, and dogs wander ominously about the streets howling at night. This idea of vampires is an ancient one. Homer tells us how the shades in Hades had an idea that by filling themselves with blood they could return to life, and, consequently, eagerly supped up the blood of slaughtered sheep. So now a poor ghost is supposed to suck the blood of his relatives, that he may gain strength for his nocturnal wanderings.

Some terrible scenes are witnessed on these occasions, at which the priests secretly connive: the bones are burnt, and the ashes are scattered to the winds; or else they are packed in a bag and carried to some island rock, the idea being that ghosts cannot cross water. Sometimes, however, they are satisfied that the spirit is put to rest by the priest who reads a prayer over the grave, and sprinkles it with sacred oil.

In Karpathos they call these beings "Cains," affirming that Cain, who slaughtered Abel, on his death became the first wandering vampire. They here mix them up with another species of hobgoblin, evil spirits formed like men, with asses' or goats' feet, which appear on the earth for ten days only, from Christmas to Epiphany, during which time they subsist, like the Amazons of old, on snakes and lizards. They come down the chimney at night; so a careful housewife is bound, during this time, to keep embers smouldering on the hearth. When crickets come to a house, they say that it is a sure sign that Cains will come and play all sorts of horrible antics with the food and household utensils. Cain was a huge man, they told me, taller than the tallest chimney, with the feet of goats, and wooden shoes; in short, the satyr of ancient days. In like manner they imagine Lazarus to have risen from the grave an abnormally tall, thin man, with a round, flat head; for this reason they call the pole with an oval board at the end of it, which they use for putting their bread into the ovens, a Lazarus.

I. THEODORE BENT.

From The Spectator.

A BOOK ABOUT DICKENS.*

OF making books about Dickens there is no end. The mere enumeration of them covers twenty-five pages of the volume before us. And when an addition is made to the list, one is tempted to say, as Mr. Matthew Arnold said of Mr. Wright's version of the Iliad, that it has no proper reason for existing. Yet that hasty judgment will be quickly reversed by any genuine lover of Dickens who reads the little volume which Mr. Marzials has contributed to the series of "Great Writers," edited by Professor Eric Robertson, of the University of the Punjab. It is portable in size, light in the hand, neatly bound, clearly printed, and written in a pleasant and easy style.

Mr. Marzials has the one supreme and indispensable qualification for his task: he is a thorough Dickensian scholar. He knows his Dickens as Mr. Gladstone knows the text of Homer, and Lord Macaulay knew Sir Walter Scott's novels. We are persuaded that he could tell us off-hand the number of persons called Martin in "Pickwick," and the different colors assigned to Mr. Magnus's spectacles. Nor is Mr. Marzials's intimacy confined to the masterpieces. He knows "Hunted Down" and "The Battle of Life" as thoroughly as "David Copperfield" or "Martin Chuzzlewit." To knowledge he adds love. No one has a more ardent affection for the great master, or a more delicate sympathy with his varying moods. Mr. Marzials has not confined his study of Dickens to the writings. Whatever can illustrate his life has been laid under contribution; and with the aid of Mr. Kitton's "Dickensiana," and Mr. Anderson's admirable "Bibliography of Dickens," we are enabled to identify, with satisfactory accuracy, the autobiographical incidents, the local pictures, and the personal sketches in which the books abound.

Those who have learned to love Dickens in his books will find much to disappoint them in his character and life. It is difficult to doubt that he was hard, domineering, and selfish. His conduct to his wife, so far as the public is enabled to judge of it, was inexcusable. He was so little alive to natural sensibilities, as to introduce his nearest relations to our notice under the humiliating presentments of Mr. Micawber, Mrs. Nickleby, Dora, Flora Finching, and Mr. F.'s aunt. Sir Arthur Helps

* *Life of Charles Dickens.* By Frank F. Marzials. London: Walter Scott. 1897.

pronounced the amazing judgment that Dickens was a man of refinement; but this view is surely inconsistent with his acknowledged uneasiness in any society where his supremacy was not unquestioned. And he avowed a clinging sense of degradation in the remembrance of his earliest struggles, which was unworthy alike of his genius and his social creed. It is with unaffected relief that we turn our contemplation from his character to his writings. The oftener we read Dickens, alike in his most celebrated and in his least known passages, the more we are persuaded that his most boisterous humor rests upon a solid foundation of fact. There is, of course, exaggeration and over-statement, and undue prominence assigned to trifling features, just as in a photograph a nose or a foot will sometimes defy proportion and force itself upon our notice. But under all this lay a robust reality. Little of the effect produced was due to the powers of imagination and creation; much to the extraordinary faculty of observation. "He sees and observes nine facts for any two that I see and observe," was the contemporary judgment of Sir Arthur Helps. And this faculty was of double effect. It enabled Dickens to detect what was humorous or grotesque or surprising or pathetic, where most men would have said that from Dan to Beersheba all was barren. But also it enabled him to discern shades of humorous difference between objects so similar, that a more casual observer would have seen nothing but the same fun in both. We may illustrate our meaning by two examples. The humors and horrors of a badly conducted school furnished Dickens with one of his earliest and most signal triumphs. One wonders, perhaps, that such a theme had not been worked before, and thinks the achievement, though admirable, not difficult. But surely it is the very perfection of discriminating and differentiating skill to lead us through the daily routine of two schools so similar as Dotheboys Hall and Salem House, yet never to confuse by a hair's-breadth the characteristic methods of Mr. Squeers and Mr. Creakle; and anon to introduce us, with all due pomp, to the frigid and ceremonious misery of Dr. Blimber's establishment, and leave us wondering at which of the three seminaries, all so odious and all so distinct, life would have been most unendurable.

Again, with regard to a profession no less distinguished than that of the schoolmaster. Unlike his illustrious compeer,

Thackeray, Dickens was, as far as his books are concerned, an enemy of doctors. The pomposity which sometimes disfigures the medical profession was a favorite object of his satire. Three medical portraits suggest themselves at once. All three are connected by a kind of family likeness; each of the three doctors is pompous, and each is cunning. Yet the artist gives a perfectly distinct and individual character to Dr. Parker Peps, with his peerage-flavored periods; to Dr. Jobling, with his disinterested eulogy of the Anglo-Bengalee Life Insurance Company; and to that admirable though anonymous physician—surely one of the brightest miniatures in the whole gallery of Dickens's portraits—who came, with a "bunch of seals dangling below a waistcoat of ribbed black satin," to Nell's bedside, prescribed the remedies which he had reason to suppose the landlady had already applied, and left "the whole house in admiration of that wisdom which tallied so closely with their own." It is curious that this habit of accurate observation seems occasionally to fail Dickens when he is describing scenes or pursuits which were not familiar or congenial. Thus, though he can depict with astonishing fidelity the routine of the reporters' gallery, the management of a provincial theatre, or the humors of a solicitor's office, he makes curious blunders about the rules of cricket and the practice of a court of justice. A wholly inadequate attempt not merely to account for, but to justify these errors, is made in Mr. C. Dickens's "Jubilee Pickwick," of which we may remark in passing that, though it is good, it might easily have been made a great deal better.

We can go all lengths with Mr. Marzials in his enthusiastic but discriminating praise of Dickens as a humorist. But we must stoutly dissent from his doctrine that Dickens was also a great master of pathos. Even Mr. Marzials draws the line at the funeral of Little Nell; and we should be disposed to circumscribe much more narrowly the limits within which Dickens's pathos is natural and wholesome. Similarly, a note of false taste and unreality pervades all the dithyrambs about Christmas; the frost, the punch, the carols, the ghost-stories, the "forgiveness of injuries, the amicable nesses," and whatever else pertains to that great imposture of the social year. But we recognize a much truer, and therefore stronger touch, when Dickens turns from these mawkish sentimentalisms, whether pathetic or festive, to what is ghastly and terrible. There

is genuine power both of conception and of treatment in the drowning of Quilp, the murder of Nancy, the death of Sikes. And the picture of the storm in which Steerforth perished, has been honored with the enthusiastic praise of Mr. Ruskin.

An interesting feature of Mr. Marzials's book is his careful analysis of the various plots. A very intimate acquaintance with Dickens's characters and dialogues may co-exist with an absolute ignorance of these plots. It is not that they are not carefully constructed. They are often, as in "Great Expectations," even excessively elaborated. Besides their main lines, they abound in side issues intended to provoke curiosity, — such as the relations between Steerforth and Rosa Dartle, and the question of the Marchioness's parentage. But somehow, as a rule, they fail to interest; and the books are remembered by their characters, and not by their stories. Exceptions to this rule must, we think, be made in favor of "Bleak House," which has all the elements of a good sensation; and of the "Tale of Two Cities," in which Dickens exhibited, and used with a rare moderation and self-restraint, the essential gifts of the historical novelist.

Although it is true, as we have just said, that the interest lies in the characters, yet it is not by any means true that all the characters are interesting. Dickens's serious women, whether good or bad, are insufferably tedious. All the good ones are small and silly; they reach their most typical development of smallness and silliness in Esther Summerson. All the bad ones are tall and stately, like Lady Dedlock or Mrs. Dombey; and often they are wholly impossible and absurd, like Harriet Wade and Rosa Dartle. Dickens's women are only interesting when they are ridiculous, and then they are among his very best creations. His fame does not rest more certainly on Sam Weller or Mr. Pecksniff, than on Mrs. Nickleby, Mrs. Gamp, Mrs. Todgers, Miss Knagg, Miss La Creevy, Mrs. Jellyby, Miss Monfathers, Mrs. Jarley, and "the Mother of the Modern Gracchi." And we should hope that when the *Observer* of March 13th, 1887, proclaimed that "all readers of 'Dombey and Son' are aware" that Mrs. Dombey's sister-in-law was "Mrs. Tox," it betrayed an ignorance that is very exceptional. The moral effect of Dickens's work "comprises in itself," as Mr. Pickwick said of politics, "a difficult study of no inconsiderable magnitude."

We might linger long among the pleasant and familiar fields to which Mr. Mar-

zials has once again led us, and we cordially recommend him to every wayfarer who desires a genial, an instructed, and a trustworthy guide.

From The Leisure Hour.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE PRINCESS VICTORIA.

SOME pleasant glimpses of the early life of Queen Victoria are afforded in the letters of Fräulein Lehzen, her German governess, who was afterwards made a Hanoverian baroness. It was in May of the year 1831, as these letters show, that this lady gave up an engagement in Paris to enter on her new career of activity at Kensington, where in quiet retirement the Duchess of Kent was conducting the education of her daughter Victoria. The unassuming letters, in which she recorded her experiences for the benefit of her friends in Germany, were carefully treasured. Copies of them passed from hand to hand, and afforded to a deeply interested circle glimpses into the distant home where she followed her calling with singular true-heartedness and devotion. The extracts we give are, of course, translations. First comes an account of her friendly reception in England.

An five in the morning, accompanied by my attendant, I drove out of Harwich on my way to London, and by three o'clock in the afternoon the journey was accomplished. This expedition—for such one may really term it—was most refreshing. In Harwich I had already taken the opportunity of changing my travelling mantle for a new and becoming one, and so arrived in good trim at my hotel. I found the country just such as I had expected, well cared for, with splendid roads, but few trees. It was extraordinarily cold for the time of year in England. When I had put myself somewhat to rights at the hotel, I hired a fly and drove to Herr Kücher's [Herr Kücher was German chaplain in London], admiring as I went the splendid city already lighted. It was about six o'clock when I reached his house. I was informed that the Duchess of Kent was much pleased at the news of my arrival, and regretted that, owing to the public having already been informed, she was going to the theatre, but that the Princess and lady-in-waiting were expecting me. I dined at Herr Kücher's; they have charming children, and I am much pleased with both parents. At nine o'clock we drove to Kensington Palace. Herr Kücher advised me not to use the style "Your highness," but to say simply "Princess."

The lady-in-waiting received me pleasantly, and the Princess in a pretty childlike way, and they immediately refreshed me with tea.

My little Princess will be twelve years old to-morrow. She is not tall but very pretty, has dark brown hair, beautiful brown eyes, and a mouth which, though not tiny, is very good-tempered and pleasant, very fine teeth, a small but graceful figure, and a very small foot. She was dressed in white muslin with a coral necklet. Her whole bearing is so childish and engaging that one could not desire a more amiable child.

At ten o'clock the lady-in-waiting conducted us to our apartments. They consist of four rooms—the ante-room, the living-room, the bed-chamber, and hanging-closet. I sleep with the Princess in one of the rooms, which contains two beautiful large upholstered beds, resembling small houses. One maid waits on us both.

The furniture in the rooms is mahogany with gilding, the sofas and beds are covered with pretty chintz, the floor with pretty carpets, etc., etc.

The lady-in-waiting, Fräulein Spüt, who resembles Frau von Constant somewhat, only that she is younger, told me that the whole circle breakfasted at 8.30, but that the Duchess [of Kent] desired me to rest myself on the following morning, and to breakfast alone.

Notwithstanding this, I rose early enough, and about breakfast-time the Duchess sent to say that she was impatient to see me. I hastily threw on my white dress and stepped out courageously to meet her.

She was standing at the breakfast-table, and is a woman between thirty and forty, rather stout, with brown hair and brown eyes. Without being beautiful she has an expression of extreme goodness. She said something about being obliged by my rapid journey, to which I replied that I had only consulted my own interests in so coming. She then gave me her hand, which I kissed, receiving a kiss in return upon my travel-paled cheek.

At breakfast we seated ourselves at a round table. Soon afterwards the Duke [the Duke of Sussex, brother-in-law to the Duchess, whose husband died in 1820] arrived. He had a noble bearing; he said many amiable things about the rapidity of my journey, and about sea-sickness. I assured him that all that was forgotten. The Duke speaks German with me, but the Duchess speaks French. The latter wishes me to converse in French with the Princess because my pronunciation pleases her; and really for the most part, although I am associated with royalty, I cannot call the treatment I receive other than friendly.

At one o'clock luncheon is served, but the Duke does not join us. In the evening, at six o'clock, we dine. The company at table consists of the Duke, the Duchess, Fräulein Spüt, the Princess, the domestic physician, and myself. The Duke speaks much and pleasantly; he is very learned and likes to be talked to

about Germany, about which he knows a great deal himself.

The Duchess is a very affectionate mother, and appears in all that she says to desire the true happiness of her children. She draws, sings, and plays very well. I have requested permission to give the Princess lessons in French and Italian myself, in all other subjects Kücher and the court painter and musician, who are both Germans, will instruct her.

As we did not go to church on Sunday morning the Duchess read a sermon aloud and commented pleasantly on it to her daughter. The little Princess is a charming child, and resembles Princess Charlotte, so they say.

After dinner we remain together until nine o'clock, when tea being over I retire with my Princess, who goes to bed, and I can then amuse myself. Last evening Prince Leopold (the brother of the Duchess, known as a Prince of Coburg) was here. Traces of the deepest sorrow are still visible on his countenance, although his journey to Scotland has greatly benefited him. He also is musical, and consequently the evenings are generally devoted to music and song. I have begged Herr Hoffmann to take me in hand.

This morning the Duchess spoke to me about her daughter again, and gave me permission to use the more familiar *thou* in speaking to her. This I declined, giving my reason, which she kindly approved.

The Princess has very many talents and much goodness of disposition, plays very prettily, and has a pleasant voice. I will write again in a week. . . . As far as my wardrobe is concerned I can use everything, and my clothes even meet with approval, my black hat even, for my little Princess is wearing just such an one.

This extract sufficiently shows how pleasantly and cordially the relationship between the Baroness Lehzen and her charge was maintained. But the intimate *thou* for which the princess begged, the baroness considered herself justified in refusing, inasmuch as in her pupil she always believed she saw the heiress to the English crown.

It was the Baroness Lehzen who was instructed by the duchess that it was time the princess should be acquainted with her right to the throne. Up to this time the greatest care had been exercised to prevent any gossiping lady's-maid from even whispering to the little one that she would one day become queen of England. With the permission of the duchess, Baroness Lehzen placed the genealogical table of the royal house in her history book before the princess.

"I see," said she, more frightened than pleased, as soon as she had glanced at it, "that I stand nearer to the throne than I believed."

"It is so," said her governess to her.

"Many a child," said the princess woe-fully, "would be proud in my place. But they do not know the difficulties. It is a brilliant lot, but one of grave responsibility."

But then, deeply moved by the significance of the moment, she laid her little hand in the hands of her governess, and, as though recording a vow, said in childlike words, "I will be good."

The following letter of Fräulein Lehzen bears a striking testimony to the wisdom with which the Princess was trained.

I entrust you with the enclosed, which is a very striking likeness of my Princess with which Eckhardt, the Duchess's painter, has presented me. Will you take care of it until such time as I am permitted to return to my Fatherland, when I will come and claim it from you? She flourishes in goodness and beauty. Is she not charming? In French I can already take her through Koch's Grammar; she plays difficult sonatas, and she also draws very charmingly. I speak French with her partly because in doing so I avoid the *thou* about which the Princess has renewed her attack.

The Duchess continues unspeakably kind towards me; sometimes she is too polite, and then I do not rest until she has become less so. She wished, for example, that when she and the Princess drove out I should sit by her side and the Princess at the back. Several times I could not prevent it, but at last she has given in and says on such occasions with a laugh to her daughter, "Sit by me since Fräulein Lehzen wishes it to be so." But I do not hesitate to remark to the little one, whom I am most anxious not to spoil, that this consideration is not on her account, because she is still a child, but that my respect for her mother disposes me to decline the seat.

The Duchess submits herself in a most Christian spirit to her loss, though she, less than any one, can forget the Duke as can any one who knew him. Meanwhile little Victoria is a great comfort to her mother, for she bears a great resemblance to her father, as indeed to most of the royal family, and is justly thought to be beautiful.

I now know the whole of the royal family with the exception of the King. Since the death of the Duke he has not yet been at the Duchess's. He is godfather to the little Victoria.

The grateful pupil maintained a close intimacy with her German governess, even after she had ascended the throne of England, and indeed kept her near her for many years.

The return later on of the baroness to her German home could not break the bonds of mutual love which the years of happy intercourse had fostered.

Queen Victoria, who has always evinced the greatest interest in all who have been privileged to come into personal contact with her, retained a warm and faithful remembrance of her dear instructress. When in the year 1845 she spent some happy days with Prince Albert in Gotha, she noted in her diary what a particular joy it was to her "that she could see her again,"—for she had hurried from Bückeburg in order to greet the queen on German soil.

On the 12th of September, 1870, the queen noted in her diary the death of the aged Lehzen with words of rare affection: "She never allowed herself a single holiday. I worshipped her; at the same time I had unbounded respect for her. She seemed really to think only of me."

From The Spectator.

WORD-TWISTING *VERSUS* NONSENSE.

NOTHING is more characteristic of the humorists of the age in contrast with those of previous generations, than their employment of purely mechanical processes to secure a grotesque result; and just as in the decorative arts a similar change has been accompanied with a deterioration in the quality of the product (at any rate, in all highly individual work, such as that of India, China, and Japan), so we cannot help thinking that the spread of this mechanical fun is a sign of decadence. Let us illustrate our meaning. Unless we are greatly mistaken, the modern punster by no means considers that it is necessary for the obvious and the suggested sense to be both appropriate to the context. His strokes of wit depend largely upon a conscious watching for phonetic resemblances, a shuffling of words, syllables, and initials until the desired result is attained. Much so-called wit of the present day is nothing more than the systematic torture of words. If in their natural form they will not satisfy the sense of the grotesque, they must be twisted and dislocated, or the shades of Mrs. Malaprop and Mrs. Ramsbotham must be invoked to wring laughter from "alien jaws." "As a word-torturer, he is unequalled," so, evidently meaning to express high praise, remarked a writer the other day of Mr. Burnand, the most characteristic representative of this method. We do not wish to speak slightly of Mr. Burnand's powers, which are very remarkable, and in the domain of legitimate parody have

often been exerted with signal success; but we cannot help thinking him largely responsible for much that is idiotic and insufferable in modern strivings after fun, by having set an example so easily imitable in its vices. In Mr. Burnand's own hands, the process yields at times very ludicrous results. For example, he is credited with explaining a poet friend's choice of a mince-pie to lunch off by saying that "he evidently was getting him inspiration." But such a pun, excruciatingly good in itself, nevertheless suggests the dangers of such a method when ridden to death by inferior imitators. Employed consciously at first, it becomes almost automatic in the case of some confirmed jokers, — verbal contortionists, whose conversation is as fatiguing to listen to as the dislocations of a mountebank to watch. A very favorite device with such performers is the transposition of initials. They invite you to "poke a smipe," or tell you that it is "roaring with pain." Such habitual toying with words, as we have already hinted, tends to become mechanical, and just as a stutter has been known to be acquired by constant imitation, so it is open to conjecture that the undesirable habit of saying the wrong word — which, if not on the increase, is so curiously noticeable at the present day — may have been largely assisted by the practice we have described above. We are not speaking of the actual complaint known to medical men as *aphasia*, in which the brain and tongue refuse to work in perfect accord, with a result that would be laughable were it not painful. And then, short of *aphasia*, there is that mental haziness which has its outcome in malapropism more or less pronounced. Thus, we have heard recently of a hospital nurse who spoke of the victim of a terrible accident as being "methyalted beyond all resignation" [mutilated beyond all recognition], and who alluded to a person of arbitrary and imperious behavior as "a regular ty-radical." So, too, we know of a lady who accounted for the sudden arrival of her son from Cambridge by explaining that he "had ridden all the way on his encyclopædia," which was approaching perilously near to *aphasia*. The mere addition of an extra syllable will sometimes produce an amazing result, as in the case of "Immanuel labor," where nothing was further from the mind of the speaker than any profanity. Lastly, to end this digression upon malaprops, we hope to be forgiven by the fair author of a passing allusion to "the Roman Irene" (*i.e.*, are-

na), for recording a confusion too exquisite to be consigned to oblivion.

The foregoing examples, however, illustrate a mental habit which had existed for centuries until Sheridan immortalized it in the person of Mrs. Malaprop, a character which there are good grounds for supposing him to have drawn from the life. What we are more nearly concerned with at present is a species of dislocation or entanglement, which takes various forms, but finds its fullest development in the portmanteau system, as formulated by Lewis Carroll in his preface to "Alice through the Looking-Glass." The writer of the present article had the privilege of working as a boy under an eminent headmaster who, if at all flurried, used to transpose his words freely. "My dear boy," he once asked of a Philistine member of his sixth form, "do you mean to say that you have never heard of that magnificent statue of Michael Angelo, by Moses?" Clergymen seem especially addicted to this habit, perhaps because their excessive anxiety to be correct renders them nervous, and to those of their congregation who are gifted, fortunately or unfortunately, with a keen sense of the ridiculous, such slips are excessively trying from the impropriety of openly testifying appreciation. "Sorrow may endure for a joy," so an Irish clergyman is reported to have read with the utmost feeling; "but night cometh in the morning!" With the transposition of initial letters, a new field of solecism is opened up, in which a living cleric, in other respects intelligent and accomplished, works with an involuntary assiduity that is most upsetting to his hearers. "My brethren," so ran one of his most startling announcements, "we all know what it is to have a half-warmed fish [*i.e.*, half-formed wish] in our hearts." With him, however, the mischief goes further, extending to the mutual entanglement of words which is terrible to contemplate. He has been known to speak of "kinquering congs," and on one occasion, ever memorable to his interlocutor, addressing himself to a gentleman who had intruded upon his seat in church, he politely remarked, "Pardon me, sir, but I think you are occupewing my pie." Here we are next door to the carrying out of the portmanteau principle, a proximity illustrated by the feats of two other clergymen, one of whom gave out his text from "the Colostle to the Epissians," while the other read "knee of an idol," for "eye of a needle." The rector of an Irish country parish, whose church the

writer has frequently attended, was also liable, out of nervousness, to contort and entangle his words in strange fashion. Thus, we have heard him speak of the "imperfurities" of man, when it was quite obvious that he could not make up his mind between "imperfection" and "impurities," and ended by amalgamating the two words into one. Here we have arrived at the portmanteau system pure and simple, and it is impossible to avoid the conclusion that an immense literary impulse has been given to the practice by the writers who not only have illustrated it, but in one case already mentioned, formulated its principles in the clearest way. In an age where so much has to be crammed into a brief compass, no doubt much might be said on the ground of economy in favor of the extension of this "oral" shorthand, a "brachylogy" of which the grammarians never dreamed. It might be hard to fix the precise date at which portmanteau words were first used, or to decide to whom belongs the credit of having invented them. We are inclined to think that the laureate of all nonsense poets — Edward Lear — was the initiator of the practice. "Scroobious" and "borascible" certainly are to be found in his first book of rhymes, and in the third, when the influence of Lewis Carroll had doubtless begun to react upon him, we discover an allusion to the "terrible zone" which is one of the most beautiful of portmantologisms. In calling Mr. Lear the laureate of nonsense writers, we have not scrupled to place him above Lewis Carroll, which will doubtless seem rank heresy to many of the admirers of that delightful writer. Our reason for so doing is that no nonsense is so absolutely devoid of *arrière pensée* as that of Mr. Lear, none so refreshingly destitute of sense or probability. Our favorite piece is the "History of the Four Little Children who went Round the World," a wonderful effort of sustained and imaginative absurdity. It does not lend itself well to quotation, for the illustrations are exceedingly comic. But two extracts will serve to defend our position: "After a time they saw some land at a distance; and when they came to it, they found it was an island made of water quite surrounded by earth. Besides that, it was bordered by evanescent isthmuses with a great gulf stream running about all over it, so that it was perfectly beautiful, and contained only a single tree, five hundred and three feet high." Our next quotation shall be from the passage describing the children's ad-

ventures in the land of the Happy Blue-Bottle-Flies: "At this time an elderly Fly said it was the hour for the Evening-song to be sung; and on a signal being given, all the Blue-Bottle-Flies began to buzz at once in a sumptuous and sonorous manner, the melodious and mucilaginous sounds echoing all over the waters, and resounding across the tumultuous tops of the transitory Titmice upon the intervening and verdant mountains, with a serene and sickly suavity only known to the truly virtuous. The moon was shining slobaciously from the star-besprinkled sky, while her light irrigated the smooth and shiny sides and wings and backs of the Blue-Bottle-Flies with a peculiar and trivial splendor, while all nature cheerfully responded to the cerulean and conspicuous circumstances." "What dreadful stuff!" some will exclaim. What delightful and unadulterated nonsense, we prefer to call it, free from all far-fetched equivocation, and needing for its comprehension no intimate acquaintance with the latest "gag" of the music halls. If Mr. Lear twists words into fanciful and grotesque forms, it is with no malice prepense, with no ulterior motive. There is hardly such a thing as a pun from beginning to end of his books. Since some of his critics had shown a disposition to attach a symbolical meaning to his rhymes, he published in the preface to his third book a vehement disclaimer. "Nonsense pure and absolute has been my aim throughout." And it is just for this reason that we are inclined to attach such a high value to his contributions to the recreative literature of the day.

From The Athenæum.

AN EVENING WITH CARLYLE.

The University of St. Andrews, March 28, 1887.

ALLOW me to comment briefly on an extract from Mr. Gilchrist's diaries which appears in your notice of Mrs. Gilchrist's life last week. The extract is as follows: "Talking of the *Leader* to George Henry Lewes, Carlyle asked, 'When will those papers on Positivism come to an end?' 'I can assure you they are making a great impression at Oxford,' says Lewes. 'Ah! I never look at them, it's so much blank paper to me. I looked into Comte once; found him to be one of those men who go up in a balloon, and take a lighted candle to look at the stars.'" Now, as these words were spoken by Mr. Carlyle to Mr. Lewes in my hearing during an evening I

spent at Mr. Carlyle's house in the summer of 1852, there must have been, I think, some confusion in Mr. Gilchrist's memory, or at least in his entries, between his own experiences and those of others. Mr. Lewes had taken me to see Carlyle, and being a good deal impressed with the pleasant time I spent there, I still have a vivid recollection of what occurred. Indeed, I have related the main points of the conversation to my literary friends and acquaintances for more than thirty years, and in this way, although I have never published any account of the visit, most of the points of the conversation have become pretty well known. As one of those points has now been published in a volume of recollections it is, perhaps, well that I should at length formally place the narrative on record.

Being in London during July, 1852, I determined to fulfil an old promise and look up Mr. Lewes, whose acquaintance I had made in Edinburgh some time before on the occasion of his lecturing there at the Philosophical Institution. I cannot at the moment give the exact date of my visit, but it was on a Monday of such exceptional summer heat that it was known for some time after as *the* hot Monday of July in that year. It would be about the middle, or early in the second half of the month, I fancy. In the afternoon of this sultry day I started for Bedford Gardens, and found Mr. Lewes at home, busy at his desk, writing notices for the *Leader* in his shirt-sleeves. Having denounced the severity of the weather in gay and lively terms, he pressed me to remain to dinner, suggesting that if I did we might walk over to Chelsea in the cool of the evening, and pay a visit to Carlyle. I accordingly remained, and between seven and eight o'clock we started on our evening walk. Crossing the High Street, Kensington, a little beyond the church, we struck into Young Street, where Lewes pointed out to me a house with bow windows in which Thackeray then lived. This led to his giving me various recent illustrations of Thackeray's skill, humor, and dexterity as a draughtsman. These were in the main admirable pencil sketches of Lewes himself, of Mrs. Lewes, and other common friends, hit off by the observant Titmarsh amidst the music and talk of social evening parties. Arrived at Cheyne Row we found Mr. Carlyle at home, while Mrs. Carlyle, who was not in at the time, was expected to return soon. We were shown into a comfortable room on the ground floor, which I suppose must have been the

dining-room, and presently we heard Mr. Carlyle descending from the upper regions. He gave us a cordial welcome, and sat down at a little distance on a rather straight-backed chair. He was dressed, so far as I recollect, in darkish clothes, wore a deep black stock, and a dark-green tail-coat with a velvet collar. On such a day it was impossible to avoid the weather, and that was the first subject discussed. Carlyle explained, with a good deal of humorous detail and emphasis, the efforts he had been making all day to escape the downpour of sultry light and heat—how he had sought shelter in various back rooms, striving to secure some nook or corner of deep shadow in comparative coolness. His sardonic summary of the result indicated that the effort had proved a failure. He then went on to speak generally of the peculiar heat of London and the suburbs in the later summer months. He said that when he first came to town he thought the habit of going away in August, so common with the Londoners, was a mere superstition which he, as a man of independent judgment and character, ought to resist. Accordingly one August he determined to remain in London, while his friends decamped to the country, the Continent, and the seaside. At first, he said, the days, though warm, were tolerable enough, the nights being fairly cool and refreshing. But as the month went on the sultry air seemed to thicken and consolidate itself. A dense mass of breathless, heated, arid mist covered the face of the heavens. There were no cool grey clouds in the morning, no breath of refreshing air or dew at night, but the same exhausted, oven-like, stifling atmosphere night and day. "It was more like Tophet," said the sage, "than anything I had ever felt or imagined." "Ah!" replied Lewes, lightly waving his hand towards his friend, "Ah, my dear fellow, you'll know more about that by-and-by." The contrast between the two men at the moment was striking enough. Lewes with his light badinage was lounging back in an easy chair, his frock coat thrown open, and revealing the greater amplitude of shirt front from the fact that he had no waistcoat; Carlyle sitting straight up on his chair, with his deep stock and high waistcoat, absorbed in the vivid realization of the past, and with the set, almost rigid air of reflective intensity and self-centred strength.

The talk then passed to the *Leader*, and Carlyle bitterly denounced the local newsmen as well illustrating the great feature

of the age in not doing, or doing in a shambling and inefficient way, the special duty he undertook to perform. He said he never folded the paper properly, or even decently, so that it could be comfortably read. "Every Saturday," groaned the sage, "I have the trouble of refolding the paper, with all the discomfort and irritation of delay from being compelled to do for myself what this wretched impostor ought to have done to my hand." He objurgated the little local man as no better than a simulacrum and charlatan like so many of his nominal superiors. He then turned on Lewes, and said rather abruptly, "Are those papers on Comte nearly come to an end?" Lewes replied that the series was not yet completed. "Ah!" said Carlyle, "in the mean time they are so much lost space to me. I generally look through most of the *Leader*, but I never read a line of those papers. Do you think anybody reads them?" On this Lewes bridled up a little, and replied in decisive tones, "Oh, yes, they are exciting great interest in the English universities, and especially at Oxford. I have letters from Oxford that show they are attracting a good deal of attention there." "Ah!" retorted Carlyle, "I looked into Comte some years ago, and soon found he was one of those creatures that bind the universe up into bundles, and set them all in a row like stooks in a field—one of those fellows who go up in a balloon with a lantern to examine the stars. I was soon done with him."

The theatre was then referred to, Carlyle having recently been taken by his friends to see "Faust" acted by a German company. Lewes was anxious to know the result and questioned his friend on the subject. In reply Carlyle spoke well of the Mephistopheles, which he thought represented with dramatic skill and finish, and he was, if I remember, fairly satisfied with Faust, but he did not care for the play as a whole, intimating that it was unfit for acting, and could never be successfully rendered on the stage. Carlyle then referred to Dickens as an actor, having recently seen him in one of his amateur performances. He gave it as his opinion that Dickens's genius was essentially histrionic and mimetic; that with his faculty of keen and minute observation, his general alertness of mind and body, his mobile power of gesture and expression, he had all the requisites of a successful actor; and that had he lived at a great period of the drama, the Elizabethan age for instance, his genius would

have found its appropriate outlet on the stage. He would have become a popular comic actor, writing a humorous piece now and then perhaps, as was the custom of such actors in those days. But while living under different conditions and working with his pen, his books still retained and revealed the native genius of their author. They had the sustained, if rather jerky liveliness, the pleasant tricks and mannerisms of humorous portraiture on the stage. He was in short a born actor. After some further conversation Mr. Lewes referred to Helps's "Conquerors of the New World and their Bondsmen," a new edition of which had recently appeared. He spoke highly of the work. Carlyle agreed in the main, but with exceptions and limitations of his own. He objected that Helps had not evinced sufficient mastery over his materials. He was too concerned to show the extent and variety of his researches, and had thus introduced into the text a good deal that ought to have been shovelled over into the universal dustbin.

Mrs. Carlyle then came in and welcomed us in a bright and cheery way. She provided us at once with cooling drinks, lemonade, soda-water, and stronger elements for those who cared for them. I sat for a short time on the sofa with Mrs. Carlyle, and found her chatty and pleasant, though rather incisive in speech and manner. Presently, through a spontaneous change, Mr. Lewes engaged Mrs. Carlyle in conversation, while Mr. Carlyle came over and joined me. He inquired in the kindest manner after Sir William Hamilton, whose assistant I then was. He gave me some interesting recollections of his intercourse with Sir William during the time he lived in Edinburgh, recalling the finished courtesy and dignity of his manner, his wide reading and solid erudition. He mentioned that in those days Sir William lived in rooms in a back street near the Register House, and added that, whenever he passed his windows at night, however late, his light was always burning, and that he believed he regularly spent the greater part of every night amongst his books. I remember the strong impression made on my mind by the interview was that Mr. Carlyle's conversation was very like his books, and much of it as good as almost anything I had ever read in them. The new impression derived from the slight personal intercourse was of his real kindness of heart, the deep latent sympathy of his nature. There was a peculiar gentleness in his tone, an

accent of deep and sincere feeling in his voice, in speaking of Sir W. Hamilton, and especially in referring to his crippled condition arising from the serious stroke of paralysis that had partially disabled him a few years before.

On taking our leave Mr. Carlyle proposed to stroll out and go with us part of the way. As I was a stranger, he and Mr. Lewes kindly walked with me to Sloane Street, and saw me into an omnibus there. On the way some reference was made to politics. In order to understand what follows it must be remembered that the first Derby ministry had recently been formed, and that Disraeli had become a member of the government for the first time. In reference to this I remember that Carlyle, waving his arm toward Westminster, said that we had now a weltering chaos of parties, a reeking cauldron of anarchical polit-

ical strife, in which all the lowest elements, including a mouthing verbalist and juggling adventurer like Disraeli, had come to the top.

These are the salient points of the evening's experience as they live in my memory, and, as I have said, they have often been repeated to my friends and acquaintances. It is by no means improbable, indeed, that I may have repeated them to Mr. Gilchrist himself, as I had the pleasure of spending an evening with him a year or two later at the house of the late Mr. Erasmus Darwin. During the evening I had some conversation with Mr. Gilchrist, and if we touched on Carlyle (which I do not remember) I must almost certainly have told him my story, as I naturally liked to add my small contribution to the discussion of the great subject.

THOS. S. BAYNES.

DE SENECTUTE. — To most people there is something peculiarly fascinating in a description of the habits and constitution of persons who have lived to extreme old age; even if the reader is not possessed by a secret hope that he may rival them in vitality, his imagination is stimulated by the history of men and women who were born in the last quarter of the eighteenth century, living on to witness the achievements, to share the sorrows, and, in their own persons, to afford matter for the scientific speculations of the last quarter of the nineteenth century. The series of fifty-two cases of reputed centenarians got together by the Collective Investigation Committee has been analyzed by Professor Humphry, of Cambridge, who is able to state positively that, in eleven cases, two males and nine females, the evidence left no doubt that these old people were really centenarians. In the large majority of the cases the evidence was not conclusive, but there can at least be no doubt that all had attained to a very great age. Swift, in his "Voyage to Lâputa," has given a description of extreme old age so appalling, and yet so nearly in accordance with every-day experience, that it is a pleasure to find Professor Humphry championing our common humanity, and describing centenarians who were cheerful, retained their faculties and their interest in relatives and old friends, and even showed a marked liking for making new acquaintances. The centenarian generally comes of a long-lived family, and is a person of active habits, both of body and mind, a good sleeper, en-

dowed with a good appetite, and a tranquil, cheerful disposition. One centenarian collier had always drunk as much as he could, and expressed his intention of continuing this habit, but all the others were stated either to have been moderate or very moderate in the indulgence of this taste or to have been total abstainers. The majority also did not take tobacco in any form, but one chewed the drug, and seven, of whom four were women, smoked a great deal. Perhaps the most interesting fact which has come out of the analysis of these cases is that, though centenarians, as a rule, have not suffered much from illness during their long lives, yet a considerable number of instances were met with where even severe illnesses had been recovered from at an advanced age. Indeed, some of these old people seem to take a new lease of life, as the saying is, after passing fourscore years, and are not only able to resist fresh attacks of acute disease, but even apparently to throw off some of the effects of chronic maladies from which they had been previously suffering. It is interesting to note that women are in a decided majority in Professor Humphry's list; after making every allowance for their comparative immunity from accident, exposure, and anxiety, and their greater temperance in eating and drinking, there still appears to be reason to believe that woman possesses a greater inherent vitality than man. In conclusion, we may be allowed to express the hope that Professor Humphry may live to swell the list and improve the male percentage.

British Medical Journal.



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